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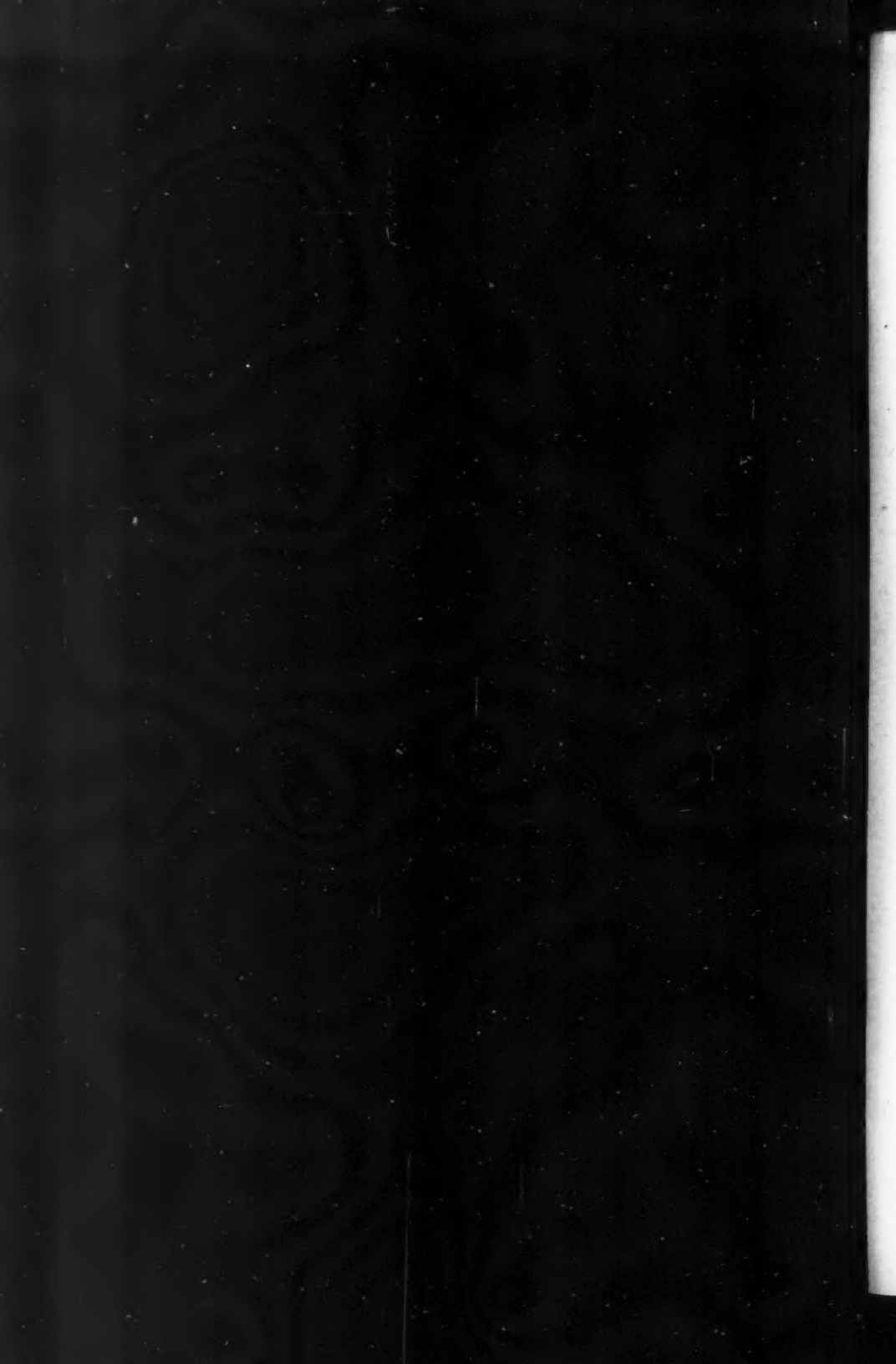
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# LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

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{ From Beginning,  
Vol. CXXI.

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Single copies of the LIVING AGE, 15 cents.

## A HAUNTING VOICE.

The air is sweet with flowers and  
summer sun,

And yet I feel a darkness everywhere,  
Grim scent from open graves is in the  
air;

About my feet the happy children run,  
But a voice rings across their play—all fun  
And frolic cease—that voice was wild  
despair.

The table smiles with guests and dainty  
fare,

The food is sour ere feasting has begun.

In every mountain cleft are withered  
bones—

Bones of our sheep—like human bones  
they lie,

Each rowan-tree seems red with Chris-  
tian blood.

All through the day I hear a people's  
groans,

At night Armenia wakes me with a cry,  
"Traitor! thou hast foresworn thy  
brotherhood!"

Speaker.

H. D. RAWNSLEY.

## PREPARATION.

Hast thou a cunning instrument to play,  
'Tis well; but see thou keep it bright,  
And tuned to primal chords, so that it may  
Be ready day and night.

For when He comes thou know'st not, who  
shall say—

"These virginals are apt;" and try a note,  
And sit, and make sweet solace of de-  
light,

That men should stand to listen on the  
way,

And all the room with heavenly music  
float.

REV. T. E. BROWN.

## AN END OF TRAVEL.

Let now your soul in this substantial  
world

Some anchor strike. Be here the body  
moored;

This spectacle immutably from now

The picture in your eye; and when time  
strikes,

And the green scene goes on the instant  
blind—

The ultimate helpers, where your horse  
to-day

Conveyed you dreaming, bear your body  
dead.

Stevenson's "Songs of Tragedy."

## BLINDNESS.

Darken'd the world! Each day the glory  
fades,

All the bright sunshine lost in endless  
shades.

First a dim twilight, then the day and  
night

Lost in one shadow, curtain'd from the  
light.

Never to see the earth Thou mad'st so  
fair!

Never to see the sun reflected there!

Never in Love's fond thoughtfulness to  
trace

An answering smile upon a loved one's  
face.

To wait in darkness for the Light of Life,  
To grope thro' endless years of earthly  
strife;

To bear with patience such a burden laid  
Till all earth's darkness sink into the  
shade;

And passed the night, Heav'n's glory  
pierce the skies,

Shining more perfect to the sightless eyes.

Spectator.

H. C.

Thou, Abba, know'st how dear

My little child's poor playthings are to her;

What love and joy

She has in every darling doll and precious  
toy;

Yet when she stands between my knees

To kiss good-night, she does not sob in  
sorrow,

"Oh, father, do not break or injure these!"

She knows that I shall fondly lay them by

For happiness to-morrow;

So leaves them trustfully.

And shall not I?

W. CANTON.

From The Contemporary Review.  
SHOULD HISTORY BE TAUGHT BACK-  
WARDS?

A French traveller<sup>1</sup> relates of the Mogul Emperor Aurangzib, that, after he had defeated all his competitors and established himself on the throne of Delhi, his old tutor hastened to tender his congratulations, expecting, of course, a present or a pension; instead of which he found himself sternly taken to task, somewhat in the following fashion:—

Was it not incumbent upon my preceptor to make me acquainted with the distinguishing features of every nation of the earth, its resources and strength; its mode of warfare, its manners, religion, form of government, and wherein its interests principally consist; and by a regular course of historical reading, to make me familiar with the origin of states, their progress and decline, the events, accidents, or errors, owing to which such great changes and mighty revolutions have been effected? . . . A familiarity with the language of surrounding nations may be indispensable in a king; but you would teach me to read and write Arabic, doubtless conceiving that you placed me under an everlasting obligation for sacrificing so large a portion of time to the study of a language wherein no one can hope to become proficient without ten or twelve years of close application. Forgetting how many important subjects ought to be embraced in the education of a prince, you acted as if it were chiefly necessary that he should possess great skill in grammar, and such knowledge as belongs to a Doctor of Law; and thus did you waste the precious hours of my youth in the dry, unprofitable, and never-ending study of words! Ought you not to have instructed me on one point at least, so essential to be known by a king—namely, on the reciprocal duties between the sovereign and his subjects? . . . Happy for me that I consulted wiser heads than thine on these subjects. Go, withdraw to thy village. Henceforth let no man know either who thou art or what has become of thee.

Successful Englishmen are happily not prone to address such harsh and ungracious language to the individual teachers who, like this poor old Mahomedan, have simply imparted to the best of their ability the traditional instruction in the traditional way. But it is, perhaps, rather the rule than the exception to find men of the greatest light and leading in each generation pronouncing distinctly unfavorable judgments on the *system* which passed in their young days for liberal education; whether they happen to have been subjected to the process themselves, like Bentham, Gibbon, Byron, the late Lord Sherbrooke, and Lord Dufferin, or to have escaped it by some happy accident, like John Stuart Mill and Herbert Spencer. Indeed, I must confess to a faint suspicion that the ingenious Frenchman who tells the story may have had a side-glance at Europe, and may have been thinking of Latin and Greek when he made the Mogul speak of Arabic. And if this is so with the greater men, who have made their way in spite of, or without, the encumbrances corresponding to Aurangzib's antiquated Arabic theology, how much more is it the case with the host of smaller, more or less unsuccessful individuals, who find the liberal education, which cost themselves so much trouble and their parents so much money, so little conducive to efficiency in the serious business of life!

One might preach as many sermons on Aurangzib's text as there are possible branches of instruction. But its most direct bearing is, of course, on political education. He thought of the training necessary for the business of kingship; we have to think of the training necessary to the few for high statesmanship, to the many for intelligent citizenship. Now a young Englishman imbibes, no doubt, a good many political ideas through various informal channels, but almost the only formal instruction bearing on the subject, either in elementary or in higher grade schools, takes the shape of history. Hence the importance of the question, what sort of historical teach-

<sup>1</sup> See "Bernier's Travels," Constable's *Oriental Miscellany*, vol. i., pp. 164-161. The modern editor caps this story with a speech of similar purport delivered in 1890 by the present German emperor.

ing conduces most to the formation of good citizens?

According to the late Professor Freeman, "history is the politics of the past; politics are the history of the present."<sup>1</sup> I know of only two reasons why people should concern themselves with the politics of the past. They may be (1) connected as causes with the contemporary transactions in which we are called upon to play a part; or, (2), if not linked in any definite manner with anything present that specially concerns us, they may be useful or interesting for the sake of their moral lessons, as examples of right or wrong solutions of problems similar to those which we may ourselves any day have to face.

Now, it is in the second way only that any one pretends to see any use in the bulk of the history taught in our schools. Historical lessons are thought to be good or bad according as the young pupil learns from them to condemn treachery and cruelty, and to honor loyalty, justice, and patriotism; and according as older pupils gather from them some general notion of the institutions or maxims of policy which tend to the aggrandizement or ruin of states. Some such lessons can, no doubt, be extracted by an ingenious teacher from the doings of ancient Britons and mediæval Englishmen, or from the Bible accounts of the judges and kings of Israel; which are the only two portions of history brought under the notice of the bulk of the children in our elementary schools. And it is commonly thought that lessons more directly applicable to modern politics are furnished by those transactions of the Greeks and Romans during the first five centuries before the Christian era, which occupy the chief place in the historical curriculum of our upper-class public schools. The practical question, however, for those who have to map out a course of study, is not whether edifying generalities can be squeezed out of any period in which human nature was not radically different from what it is at present. but

whether anything is gained by going so far afield in preference to utilizing periods which are nearer to us in point of time. The strong presumption surely is that the communities most like our own will afford the richest supply of instructive examples, and that conditions similar to our own will be found more abundantly the nearer we approach the present time.

It may, indeed, be reasonably argued that for a certain class of problems closer analogies are to be found in the circumstances of republican Athens and republican Rome than in those of any Christian state before the seventeenth century. But if the analogies are not in either case at all comparable in closeness and instructiveness to those supplied in profusion by the last two centuries, is it worth while for a beginner to trouble himself about them? And this is how the matter now presents itself to me. Grote and Thirlwall, Arnold and Mommsen, persuaded me that I was really gathering, from the facts of remote periods, principles which would serve for practical guidance in the political controversies of the present day. I now seem to see that the principles imbibed through this channel, instead of being suggested by the ancient facts, were in truth read into them by those gifted writers, who had previously learned them from the politics of their own day. Grote, for instance, was moved to write his history of Greece, because as an earnest parliamentary reformer he was distressed to observe the influence of Mitford on the young men trained in our public schools and universities; and Mitford's history was written expressly to counteract the modern democratic propaganda by showing up ancient democracy in the most unfavorable light. Both took this roundabout way of disseminating their respective principles, because at the seminaries resorted to by the bulk of our future politicians the Greek and Latin classics were almost the only medium through which any political ideas at all were allowed to filter. Grote had the best of the argument, such as it was. He

<sup>1</sup> *Methods of Historical Study*, p. 8.

showed that among the republics of ancient Greece those whose constitutions were comparatively democratic fared better on the whole, and did more for humanity, than those in which power was monopolized by very few. But if we remember that Athens had probably a smaller proportion of voters to non-voters, and certainly enforced more rigidly the exclusion of Utländers than the much abused Transvaal republic; that the machinery of popular government had not advanced beyond that crudest of all methods, direct voting in one general assembly, and that consequently full membership of a Greek State could never be extended beyond the number that could attend the same meeting and listen to the same speeches; and lastly, if we remember that almost every citizen of the freest Greek community was a slave-owner, we must recognize the impossibility of deducing any but the vaguest generalities from a comparison of the so-called democracies of antiquity with the great representative democracies of modern times.

The utmost that we can hold to be established in this way is that the admission of free discussion and equal voting within however narrow a range has a wholesome and humanizing effect as far as it goes, and that on the other hand, the principle of equal freedom must either go on extending itself or perish; that a group which is externally aggressive, which finds its main employment in preying upon and enslaving weaker groups, cannot long remain internally free. These simple but not superfluous lessons are quite legitimately deduced from the history of ancient Greece, and cannot well be missed under the masterly guidance of such a writer as Grote. But surely they can also be learned much nearer home, from the story of our own political freedom "broadening slowly down from precedent to precedent," from the failures and successes of our colonial policy, or by observing the narrow escape of our American cousins thirty-five years ago from losing their own

political freedom through denying personal freedom to the negro.

The principles of justice, and the unseen power making for justice, were the same two thousand years ago as they are now, and are the same now in London and Pekin. But the average deviations from the true standard differ widely in different places and times, so that conduct which would be reprobated as outrageous in modern England might be excused, or even praised as comparatively just and merciful, in a Norman baron or a general of ancient Rome. From this it seems to follow that periods very different from our own, for which very large allowances have to be made, are better suited to exercise the moral judgments of advanced students than of beginners. Still more advanced must be the students who can profitably study history from the evolutionary point of view, *i.e.*, trying to trace some general law of development from the moral ideas of the lowest savage to those of a Tennyson or a Spencer, similar to the physical changes which zoologists trace from the hipparion to the modern race-horse, and which are traced by conjecture from the ape to the lowest known human being.

I must own that I find evolutionary history too advanced for me. I have tried it with Spencer, with Sir H. Maine, and with Kidd, but so far without feeling much the wiser. So I will say nothing more about it, but ask whether, apart from that, modern history is not likely to be more suitable than ancient for elementary instruction.

Here I can imagine an objector saying that the facts are more distorted by partisan prejudice the nearer we approach our own times. On this ground it used to be the fashion to prohibit school debating societies discussing any events less than fifty years old. The answer is that you cannot escape from party feeling so long as there is any analogy between past and present controversies, as we have just seen in the case of Mitford and Grote, and that where the analogy ceases the in-

terest and utility of the study cease also.

The only remaining plea for taking the earlier before the later periods is that a knowledge of the earlier is necessary to the proper understanding of the later. But this brings us back to what has been already noticed as the first use of historical study—namely, to help the solution of present problems by ascertaining how things came to be as we find them.

However well primed we may be with general maxims, our opinion as to the merits of any particular dispute will not be worth much unless we have taken the trouble to ascertain at least the immediate antecedents of the transactions whose propriety is in question. And the larger the transactions with which we are concerned, the further may it be necessary to trace their roots back into the past.

To determine a dispute between two children, a retrospect of a few minutes or hours will generally be sufficient. To decide whether Mary or Jane will be the more eligible housemaid, their character for the last five or six years will be the utmost that we shall generally care to inquire into. If Smith wants to know whether Jones has a safe marketable title to the estate he is offering for sale, it may be necessary to go back forty years or more. When the question is whether the Irish claim for a separate Parliament should be conceded, the statesman must carry his mind back at least to the commencement of the present century, when the Act of Union was passed, which the Nationalists propose to repeal; and having got so far he will probably feel that for a complete understanding of that transaction, and of the present state of Irish sentiment, he must go on to explore the three or four preceding centuries, to William III., or to Elizabeth, perhaps even to Earl Strongbow. Indeed, I remember noticing that the editions of Whitaker's Almanack published while the controversy was at its height, contained statistics as to the short reigns and mostly violent deaths of the Irish kings for I forget how

many centuries before the English invasion, apparently in order to suggest the inference that the Irish never had been and never would be capable of maintaining an orderly national government. Still deeper, as will appear shortly, lie the roots of the eternal Eastern question.

In short, there can be no general rule for determining where historical inquiry of this practical kind should end; but it does not seem very difficult to say where it ought to begin. Only after we have ascertained the immediate causes of our phenomena can we be in a position to push our inquiry into the causes of those causes.

It may be said that historical investigation is one thing and the teaching of history another. But all teachers know that the first condition of effective teaching is to arouse attention, to stimulate curiosity; and how can this object be better obtained than by starting from the facts which we cannot help attending to because they directly concern us, and showing just where they need illumination from the past?

No doubt the ordinary way of telling a story is to begin at the beginning, whether it be in the witness-box, in conversation with a friend, or in a three-volume novel. But that is because in these cases the starting-point and the terminus are equally familiar or equally unfamiliar. Where it is otherwise, we begin at the end. If an old friend turns up unexpectedly, the chances are that our first question will be, "How did you come here?" and that after explaining the immediate reason for his presence, he will go back to the date of his last meeting with us, and give an outline of his doings in the interval in chronological order. But in making a new acquaintance there is no last meeting to refer to, so conversation finds its starting-point in the incident which brought us together, or in the personality of the friend who introduced us, and thence travels back to earlier events connected with one or the other.

Obviously, the study of history re-

sembles the second case rather than the first. There is no last meeting to refer to; no remote past already more familiar than the recent past. Each historical personage who comes on the scene is bound to justify his intrusion by tacking himself on to somebody of whom we have heard before; and who can the first introducer be, if not some living contemporary?

See where we are landed by the reverse process. You may interest me in Moses, as the person who brought the Israelites out of Egypt, provided I already know something of their going down into Egypt; and you may interest me in Joseph going down into Egypt, if I already know something of Abraham, Isaac and Jacob; but where in this ascending scale shall we come to a person with whom I may be presumed to be familiar before my studies commence? In reality Moses interests us because of his connection, through Hebrew history, the New Testament, and many other links, with that religious atmosphere, described loosely as Christianity, in which we live and move and have our being.

The late Professor Freeman was so great a stickler for "beginning at the beginning," that when he was appointed Regius professor of modern history at Oxford, he objected strongly to the title, but consoled himself by reflecting that the university had not attempted to define "modern history." One friend had told him that modern history began with the French Revolution; and another distinguished scholar had held that it began with the call of Abraham!<sup>1</sup> He himself considered the latest real starting-point to be "the first beginnings of the recorded history of Aryan Europe"—that is, I suppose, practically either the poems of Homer, or the first Olympiad.<sup>1</sup> It may be that we only need a little more light from the Assyriologists and Egyptologists to display the Greek civilization growing as gradually and naturally out of those older types of social order as the Roman out of the Greek, or the Teutonic out of the Roman.

<sup>1</sup> *Methods of Historical Study*, pp. 21, 27, 114.

In the days, not so very long ago, when it was currently believed that the first man was created exactly four thousand years before the birth of Christ, and that at least one genealogy could be traced without a break from the first Adam to the second, there was perhaps a little more sense in this talk about beginning at the beginning. But for those who accept the modern teaching there is no beginning, only gradually diminishing light as we grope our way further and further back from the present time.

Granting that our comprehension of the present will be assisted, more or less, by every extension of our acquaintance with the past; still, the practical question for most of us who do not see our way to mastering all history before the time comes for applying our knowledge is, Which portion had we better make sure of first? I say, begin with the living present, and with that branch of public affairs which for any reason excites your interest most strongly. Learn, as best you can, to distinguish truth from falsehood in what you read in the newspapers. Make out from Whitaker's Almanack, or some equally obvious source, the population, resources, expenditure, and constitution of your own country. This done, it will be time to inquire where the need for historical explanations of the phenomena before you comes in, and to take steps for supplying them.

Freeman compares the study of recent history before the earlier periods to building the superstructure before the foundations.<sup>1</sup> But why do we build upwards from the ground, instead of downwards from the sky? Surely, because we find ourselves on the ground, and can only approach the higher levels by utilizing the materials that lie around us. Just so we find ourselves in this year of grace, 1896, and can only come to know anything about what happened before we were born by utilizing the materials now existing; by applying our sense of hearing to the spoken narratives of our elders, and our sight and touch to the books in our libraries, and to the coins and imple-

ments in our museums. Present phenomena are truly the foundation of all our knowledge; inferences therefrom as to the past or the future are the superstructure.

I will now try to give an example of the method I am recommending. It must, however, be clearly understood that it is not put forward as something that has stood the test of experience in the hands of a professed teacher of history. Though the teaching of ancient history in the old-fashioned way was for several years one of my regular duties, that has itself become matter of ancient history, and I am now writing as a mere outside critic, offering tentative suggestions on the chance of their being taken up and licked into shape by somebody more directly concerned. The number of lectures that would be required to fill up properly the outline here sketched out would depend, of course, on the age and character of the class and other special circumstances; but I would suggest as a minimum, six for the preliminary and a dozen for the properly historical course.

From the standpoint of view here indicated, a course of instruction on present political phenomena is an absolutely indispensable preliminary to any line of historical study whatever.<sup>1</sup> And on the principle of proceeding gradually from the known to the unknown some such arrangement as the following seems to suggest itself:—

*Preliminary Course.*

1. Local government of London (or of the county in which the class is held).
2. The central government of the United Kingdom; what goes on in the different offices about Whitehall; who is at the head of each; how they ramify through the

<sup>1</sup> Here and elsewhere in this article, when I speak of history simply I mean *political* history—the records of creation and application of public force. How far the backward method would be found applicable to the history of religion, literature, art, etc., I am not just now concerned to inquire.

country; and how they are connected with each other through the Cabinet and the sovereign.

3. Responsibility of the central government as a whole to Parliament and ultimately to the electors, Constitution and working of Parliament.
4. Peculiarities of Scotch and Irish government.
5. Relation of the British government to the colonies and India.
6. The army and navy, and what they are wanted for. Foreign relations; the civilized and the uncivilized, the great and the small, powers with which we have to deal.

It would sound like a truism, if it had not been so generally neglected in practice, that at least as much ground as this must be fairly well mastered before any useful purpose can be served by travelling back into history, properly so called; or, as Freeman would put it, from present politics into past politics. The popularity of Arnold Forster's "Citizen Reader" is a proof that modern educationists take a more common-sense view of this matter than their predecessors; but how many of us, who have reached or passed middle life, can claim to have learned even so much as may be gathered from that little book (evidently written for quite young children), before being introduced to Romulus and Remus or King Alfred?

Having laid this foundation, it is very much a matter of fancy which part of the superstructure shall first be taken in hand. Shall we make it our first business to go behind the Local Government Acts of 1894 and 1888 to the squirearchical rule in the rural districts, and behind the Municipal Corporation Act of 1835 to the close corporations which ruled our large towns, and so on back to feudal times? Or shall we trace back the mutual relations of sovereign, Cabinet, and Parliament? Or probe the deep-seated causes of Irish discontent? Or, again, shall the imposing statistics of our In-

dian Empire tempt us to approach, step by step, its distant and obscure source in an Elizabethan trading company? Each of these courses would have its special attractions, and all ought undoubtedly to be taken at some time or other. But for the special purpose of contrasting the backward method with ordinary school teaching we shall do best to choose for our starting-point the present acute stage of the Eastern question.

If the last lecture of our preliminary series has answered its purpose, the student will have grasped the general distribution of political power over the face of the planet, and will understand that, while the United States may perhaps claim a predominating influence over the two continents of America, and Japan, the youngest member of the very select company of great civilized powers, may count for a good deal in the politics of the far East; yet, so far as Europe, Africa, and the western half of Asia are concerned, there are six great powers who can practically enforce almost any point about which they are agreed—namely, Great Britain, France, Russia, Germany, Austria-Hungary, and Italy. Now, when he learns from the newspapers that these six powers addressed to the Porte last autumn a joint remonstrance against the horrible misgovernment disclosed by the Armenian massacres; that this remonstrance produced no effect beyond some paper reforms; yet that the idea of coercive measures, joint or several, has now been abandoned, he will ask for an explanation, and he will find it in the recent relations between Great Britain and Russia.

Twenty years ago, he will be told, massacres very similar in character took place in the European dominions of the sultan, but with the difference that there the Christians formed a large majority instead of a small minority of the population. Then, as now, the same six powers agreed in pressing on the sultan a scheme of reform, which, however, instead of accepting on paper, he flatly rejected.

But at that point the attitude of the two powers most interested was almost exactly the reverse of what it is now. Great Britain protested against any coercive measures. Russia took up arms alone. Then we only just stopped short of fighting on the side of the Turk, and did actually deprive the Russians of a large part of the fruits of their hard-won victory. This alone would go far to explain why Russia should now be disinclined either to put herself forward in coercing the Turk, or to approve of England's unwonted forwardness. But the student will soon learn that there is much more behind. To explain the diplomatic sparring between England and Russia in 1876 we must go back to the actual conflict in 1854-6, when we supported the Turk in his refusal to allow a general Russian protectorate over his Christian subjects, and not only made this protest good at the cost of a bloody war, but deprived the Russians of their Black Sea fleet, and prevented them for sixteen years from building another.

To explain our attitude on that occasion we should have to refer to the interest, real or supposed, of our Indian Empire; but the history of British India would be, as I have already said, the subject of a separate course. To explain the general opposition to Russia we should have to notice the established habit of European powers combining to prevent the excessive preponderance of any one, the latest previous example of which was the overthrow of Napoleon. But here, again, we must choose between tracing the relations of Christian European powers to each other, and examining their common relation to the one non-Christian power, which constitutes what we call the Eastern question, and it will suit our purpose better to choose the latter. Our next question is, therefore, why the treatment of Turkey by all the powers should be so different from their behavior to each other, even in the case of those most favorable to her. The reason must be either a degree of habitual misgovernment greatly in ex-

cess of what the other powers are wont to impute to each other, or some special ground of sympathy with a particular class of the sultan's subjects, or both. An examination of present facts, without any aid from history, will suffice to show that both reasons exist.

As regards the first, the pupil's attention should be drawn to the contrast between the government of the United Kingdom, with which we have taken care that he shall be familiar, and that of modern Turkey. Begin with the difference between the position of Queen Victoria and that of the sultan, not omitting to note the peculiar Ottoman rule of succession, which renders the murder of brothers and nephews almost a State necessity, and domestic harmony, such as happily prevails among the members of our own royal family, an impossibility. Note the absence of anything even remotely corresponding to our House of Commons, or, for that matter, to the House of Lords either. Contrast the civil and business-like tax-collector of London with the Turkish middleman who buys from the government the right to squeeze as much as he can by beating and other methods from subjects who make it a point of honor to pay nothing except under compulsion. Contrast the Turkish *Zaptieh* with A1 of the Metropolitan police force. Compare the carefully framed, and on the whole satisfactory, statistics of crime in England with the total absence of statistics and notorious insecurity of most parts of Turkey, even apart from the chronic insurrections and the horrible barbarities they involve; the labor question as it presents itself in England with the slave market of Constantinople, and so on.

Then ask how much of this contrast applies to other European powers. The answer will be that, widely as the six powers differ in their methods of government and in the results, the worst of them, according to our standard, stands many degrees above that of Turkey. But we shall also have to recognize that the one power whose methods are least unlike those of Tur-

key is the one which was, down to 1878, the loudest in its complaints against Turkish misgovernment and the most active in interference. This anomaly will be explained when we address ourselves to the second point, the special ground of sympathy between a portion of the sultan's subjects and the interfering power or powers.

We shall see that while all the nations of Christendom are more or less interested as such in the Christian victims of Moslem tyranny, the Russian is far more strongly affected by the religious bond than any of the other five, and Great Britain least of all. Why? Firstly, because the vast majority of the Christian subjects of the sultan profess the Greek form of Christianity, which is that of the czar and of the vast majority of his subjects; while a much smaller, but still considerable number have, as Catholics, a special claim to the sympathy of France, Austria and Italy, and the Protestants are quite an insignificant fraction. Secondly, because the Russians are in that stage of social development in which orthodoxy excites more passionate enthusiasm than any general ideas of freedom and humanity; while British public feeling is at the opposite end of the scale, exciting itself, on the whole, very much less about the doctrinal differences than about the rights of man on the one hand and special national interests on the other.

Our next step, therefore, must be to examine these religious distinctions. We shall not forget that political history is what we are undertaking to teach; but in travelling back on this road, even sooner than on most others, we reach a point at which the action of governments is conspicuously affected by religious affinities and repulsions. The first and broadest difference to be noted is that between Christians and Mahomedans; then those which divide Greek Christians from Roman Catholics, Protestants from both, and Armenians from all the other three. And our purpose requires that these differences should be examined, in the first instance, as they now dis-

play themselves in Turkey, and their external manifestations before the deeper theoretical antagonisms.

Thus, as between Moslem and Christian, the attention of the student will be directed to the former praying in the street with a carpet spread and face turned to Mecca, or called to the mosque by a man in green shouting from the top of a minaret, while the Christian congregation (where the Turk permits it) assembles in a church at the sound of a bell; to circumcision the test of membership in the one case, baptism in the other; Friday holy to the one, Sunday to the other; pictures worshipped by one, abhorred by the other; pilgrimages to Mecca contrasted with pilgrimages to Jerusalem; the lunar year reckoned from the flight of Mahommed with the solar year reckoned from the birth of Christ; numerous fasts and festivals commemorating events and persons sacred to the one, unknown to, or detested by, the other. Then laws and domestic institutions; wine forbidden to the Moslem, used by the Christian in the holiest of his rites; polygamy for the Moslem, monogamy for the Christian; and lastly, slavery, which has become within the last century, though it formerly was not, odious to all Christians, and therefore a new ground of reproach against Mahomedans. Next we must ask him to look at the ostensible sources of these differences, the Scriptures appealed to by Moslem and Christian respectively. The contrast which at once strikes the eye, between the Koran in Arabic written from right to left, and beginning at what we should call the end of the book, and the New Testament written from left to right (whether in the original Greek, or in Latin, or in the vernacular of any of the leading nations), fitly prepares us for the more important contrasts disclosed when we come to read them. Wide, indeed, is the divergence between the mind of Mahommed as disclosed to us by himself in the Koran, and the mind of Jesus as reflected in the Gospels; yet, if we could imagine the founders of the two religions meet-

ing in the flesh, we could more easily conceive a friendly understanding between them than between an average Turkish moollah and a Greek or Armenian priest. In departing further and further from their originals the rival systems have not approached nearer to each other, but the reverse, and it is, of course, with the modern developments in Turkey, and not with the original sources, that the student of the Eastern question has to reckon.

But our lecturer would also have to deal in the same fashion with the rivalry between the Greek and Latin Churches, noticing first that the Armenians are distinct from both, and that this made it more difficult for them to find any special or natural protector, and drove them to appeal to England on the broad ground of humanity. The Roman Catholic subjects of the sultan are not specially in evidence just now, but we cannot give a complete account of the Crimean war without remarking that the original dispute was between the Greek monks of Jerusalem, backed by Russia, and the Catholic priests, backed by France, as to their rights of precedence in worshipping the Holy Sepulchre and in the Grotto at Bethlehem where Christ was supposed to have been born. And the further we penetrate into the past the more prominent will this particular cleavage become. There was just one century (the seventeenth) during which the strife between Protestants and Catholics operated as a powerful, though unintentional, diversion in favor of the Turk; but this other division, with which we in England have seldom concerned ourselves, has been for at least a thousand years the chief disturbing factor in the struggle of the Cross against the Crescent.

Proceeding with our retrospect, still on the principle of asking ourselves at what points the present requires explanation from the past, or the nearer from the remoter past, the question suggested by the above facts is, Has Turkey been always, as now, misgoverned, weak, and indebted for her ex-

istence to the jealousies of her neighbors?

History answers, Yes, always misgoverned according to modern standards. The arbitrary power of the sultan, the murderous rule of succession, the cramping effect of the Mahomedan law and religion, and the impossibility of anything approaching to a union of hearts between Moslem rulers and Christian subjects, are as old as the Ottoman power itself; all but the second, indeed, much older. But the Ottoman Empire has not always been weak as at present, nor has it always compared so unfavorably with Christian governments; it had formerly some compensating merits now lost, and in Christendom, on the other hand, the best elements of the civilization on which we now pride ourselves are quite modern. To show this we must go back to the time of real Turkish greatness, say 1715 (Byron's "Siege of Corinth"), or 1638 (siege of Vienna), or 1566 (Solyman the Magnificent). But whether it will be better to proceed thither at one bound, and then to trace downwards the process of decline, or to travel back step by step from the Crimean war to the French conquest of Algeria and the emancipation of Greece, then to the Russian conquest of the Crimea, and so on, I will not undertake to decide. My contention is, not that each particular story should be told backwards, but that **distinct** periods, or masses of events, have prior claims on our attention according to their proximity to the present time, and that, in attacking each new period, the first object of inquiry should be, what light it throws on the later events which we have previously studied.

In the middle of the sixteenth century, we see the sultan's supremacy acknowledged all round the Mediterranean, except the coasts of Italy, Sicily, France, and Spain, all round the Black Sea without any exception, and inland as far as the present capital of Hungary. Most of his Christian subjects belong to the Greek Church; all his active enemies belong to the Romish Church. Russia is as yet out of sight.

The Greek Christians are quite passive in the struggle, if anything rather preferring the Turks as masters to the Venetians. It is true that the Turk takes from them a tribute of their most promising sons to be educated as Moslems, and to become the finest soldiery of the empire; but he allows the rest to worship in their own fashion, and to grow rich by the trades which the Moslems despise, which is more than they could hope for if they were once fairly within the clutches of the pope and the Inquisition.

To appreciate fully the bitterness of the quarrel we must go back another century, to the capture of Constantinople by the Turks (1452). The last Greek emperor, as we commonly call him, the last Roman emperor, as he called himself, is left to die fighting on the ramparts of his capital at the head of a handful of foreigners. Why? Because the pope, who might have summoned all the chivalry of the West to the rescue, distrusted his tardy conversion to the Latin creed, and because his own subjects execrated him for his submission to the pope, and preferred to take their chance under the Moslem to altering two words of their creed at the dictation of fellow Christians.

Again two and a half centuries further back, and we come to the capture of Constantinople by the French and Venetians (1204); a crusade organized for the recovery of Jerusalem from the Turk is diverted to the conquest and partition of a heterodox Christian State.

Four or five centuries earlier still, we find the parts reversed. We see the Roman empire of the East trampling on the religious liberties of the West, in its newborn and transient zeal for simplicity of worship; losing in consequence both its political and ecclesiastical supremacy in Italy, and provoking the pope to recognize a new empire of the West.

This explains much, but not everything. The rivalry between Rome and Constantinople, between the Western and Eastern varieties of a common civilization, is seen on closer inspection to have other and older causes than

any controversy about images, or about the procession of the Holy Ghost, or the keeping of Easter. Who was this Constantine from whom the city on the Bosphorus derives its name? Why did he himself call it New Rome, as though to imitate and eclipse the Old Rome of Italy?

The answer, of course, is that New Rome is the first city founded by and for a Christian government, dedicated to the ill-omened alliance of the old despotism with the new religion. Old Rome, the Rome of the Coliseum and the gladiators, steeped in the blood of Christian martyrs, had to expiate her guilt by five centuries of comparative obscurity, till the time came for her to reappear as the capital of a new kind of monarchy, mightier for good and evil than that of the Cæsars. And chief among the agencies which gradually shifted the centre of gravity of Christendom from the city of Constantine back to the see of St. Peter, we recognize that wonderful Mahommedan movement, the full treatment of which our lecturer will probably reserve for a separate course of Oriental history, rather than interrupt his march up the now narrowing channel of the history of European or Græco-Roman civilization. Constantine has to be explained by the three eventful centuries during which the spiritual forces set in motion on the day of Pentecost were pitted against the physical force and statecraft of Imperial Rome, as well as against the subtler intellectual resistance of Rome's Greek-speaking subjects. But what of the Rome which witnessed the first act of that drama, the Rome of Nero and St. Paul, the Babylon of the Apocalypse? The student who has accompanied us thus far will hardly be satisfied without some explanation of this portentous despotism, and to account for the awe inspired by the wretched Nero, it is necessary to show the relief obtained under Augustus from the intolerable strain of a century of civil war, and to name the great Julius, whose prestige clung to five generations of nominal descendants, and whose family name

is the symbol of sovereignty to this day. But then comes into view the fact that the founder of Roman monarchy began as the champion of Roman democracy, and thus we are invited to contemplate the five centuries of republican Rome; the first two insignificant in scale, the third and fourth great and prosperous after a fashion, the fifth one long agony of intestine conflict.

Lastly, the story of Roman republicanism requires and finds its explanation in what figures in academic programmes as "Greek History," the nature of which has been already explained. Rome began as a small city commonwealth, substantially of the Greek type. Profiting by the rich store of Greek experience, she contrived palliatives which sufficed to conceal for a time the inherent incompatibility of *imperium* with *libertas*, and to stave off the inevitable monarchy for some three centuries after the death of Demosthenes. But her statesmen never attained to any genuine appreciation of the rights of man as such; their successive extensions of the franchise meant only admitting new associates to share the plunder which could not otherwise be secured; and the mere fact of their never having hit upon the representative system, so indispensable to the working of democracy on a large scale, and so difficult to miss as it now appears to us, goes far to prove the absence of any sincere aspirations for that ideal.

And now, having worked our way back to what Freeman calls the beginning of modern history, and what most people call the beginning of ancient history, I am quite willing to reverse the process, and to follow the stream down again from its source to its mouth—from Miltiades and Pericles to the concert of the six powers and the debates in the House of Commons; but I ask, How can a system be defended according to which the average public schoolboy makes acquaintance with the two remotest links of this long chain of causation and with no others?

To show that the practical mischief

of the traditional method is not a mere matter of conjecture, let me call attention to that curious episode of modern history, the Greek war of independence. In 1820 the inhabitants of Greece were in no respect more deserving of sympathy than the other ten or twenty millions of sufferers by Turkish misrule. They were less cruelly oppressed than the Roumanians, whose worst oppressors were Greeks in Turkish employ, and they showed less capacity for self-help than the Servians and Montenegrins. In faithlessness and cruelty, when once they had been goaded and deluded into rebellion, they surpassed their Turkish masters, which is saying a good deal. But because Byron at Harrow, and Canning at Eton, had fed their boyish imaginations with Marathon and Salamis, and because their school contemporaries could understand allusions to these things, whereas the minds of most of them were as blank as Rip Van Winkle's as to the greater part of the intervening two thousand years, British money, British volunteers, and ultimately British government, came to the rescue of Greece, and snatched from the Turk just so much territory as would include Athens, Sparta, and Thermopylæ, while his other Christian subjects counted for nothing as against our jealousy of Russia. Byron himself quite understood what he was about, but of the majority of British volunteers it was said by one of them that "they came out expecting to find the Peloponnesus full of Plutarch's men, and returned thinking the inhabitants of Newgate more moral."

But for this antiquarian bias, due to the proverbially dangerous little knowledge, the Eastern question would have had a much better chance of being dealt with intelligently as a whole. Either we should have favored instead of opposing the very natural ambition of the Russians to make their own religion dominant at Constantinople, or we should have tried to form a general combination for the kill or cure of the sick man, or (which would have been

the wisest course of all) we should have kept clear of the whole imbroglio.

In Byron's days the ideas of public school men determined the policy of Great Britain, and Greek and Roman history moulded the thinking of those public school men who thought at all. Now, much depends on the notions of the class who pass out of our elementary schools at the age of thirteen, and the only medium through which these schools attempt to give political instruction is English history. Hence we are forced to inquire, what ideas of civic duty are likely to be implanted in young minds by a course which begins with the painted Britons, Julius Cæsar, and King Arthur, and ends with Henry VII.? And what sort of stimulus will such a beginning supply to the carrying on of their historical reading in spare moments after leaving school, in competition with the sporting paper and the penny dreadful? Would not the chance of intelligent after-study be far better, if all were taught, so far as the time-table would allow, something about the way we are now governed, the resources and aims of our own and other nations and the duties of the citizen, and if the seventh standard boys were taught also something of what has happened since Waterloo?

Let me now re-state the conclusions which I have been laboring to establish.

1. For the purpose of inculcating moral lessons any period will serve in the hands of a skilful teacher; but the times nearest to our own are the most fruitful in lessons of easy application to present needs, and generally, though not invariably, the moderately remote are preferable to the very remote.

2. For the purpose of explaining present politics in the more direct sense, by showing how things have come to be as they are, the study of present phenomena should first be carried up to the point at which the need for historical explanation is felt to be really pressing; and when historical inquiry is resorted to, it should proceed from known effects to the immediate causes thereof.

thence to the causes of those causes, and so on.

3. The principle of mastering the nearer before the more remote periods is in all cases to be recommended, but more especially to those whose studies are in danger of being broken off before the whole ground can be covered.

4. There is no reason for departing from the usual consecutive style of narration with respect to any particular series of closely connected events, so long as attention is directed at the commencement to that more recent and already known state of things, the transition to which from an earlier and different state of things it will be the object of the story to explain. The third chapter of Macaulay's "History of England," contrasting the condition of the country under Queen Victoria with its condition under Charles II. affords a good example of this.

5. The general acceptance of these views would revolutionize the method of writing "Outlines of History" for beginners; but standard histories like that of Gibbon, sweeping majestically over vast tracts of time in the downward chronological order, would retain their charm and their utility for riper students, already acquainted with the general relation of the past to the present, and desiring (as in the instance given above) to fix and deepen their impression by travelling back in more leisurely fashion over the old ground.

ROLAND KNYVET WILSON.

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From Blackwood's Magazine.  
LUCILLE.

#### A TALE OF THE FRANCO-GERMAN WAR.

It was towards the end of 1870 that I, Henry Dalton, was staying at the *Cerf d'Or* at Tours, a small, cheap hotel not a stone's-throw from the cathedral. When I say that my allowance from an old aunt was not more than £60 a year, it will be seen that I could not afford to go to a better one. However, at the last Salon I had sold a picture for £32,

and on the strength of that I was living in a much more luxurious fashion than I usually did as an art student in Paris.

Situated near the barracks, the *Cerf d'Or* was much frequented by officers, more especially by those who had nothing to live upon but their pay, and wanted to get the best value they could for their money. I had been at the hotel more than a month, and having been at table d'hôte every night, I got to know several of them very well, and from their conversation I learned a good deal about military affairs. There was only one other Englishman there—if I may so call a raw Scottish student who was going to be an architect. He had come to Tours to study the châteaux which abound in that district. Though our temperaments were diametrically opposed, Duncan and I got to be very good friends.

Table d'hôte had nearly finished one evening, when a door opened and the most lovely girl I had ever seen looked in. She was decidedly tall for a French girl, yet so perfect was her figure that her height was scarcely noticeable. Her olive complexion, raven hair, and bright dark eyes, gave me the idea that she was Spanish, more especially as her hair was parted at the side. She was evidently looking for some one.

"Can I do anything for you, mademoiselle?" I asked, rising.

"No, thank you," she answered, in a sharp, brusque manner; and giving me a haughty stare, she disappeared.

"Ma foi!" I exclaimed, "what a lovely girl!"

"Yes, she's a comely lass," said Duncan.

"Don't you know who that is?" said Gartier, a lieutenant in the 169th Line.

"No; do you?"

"Yes; I'll tell you all about her afterwards."

"Well, who is she?" I asked, as he came and brought his coffee to my side when the meal was finished. It was too cold of an evening to smoke in the courtyard, so we used to stay in the *salle-à-manger*.

"She's Lucille Charvet."

"What! the girl whose photograph is

all about, and who is going to sing to-night for the wounded?"

"The very one."

"Let's be off, then," I replied, "to get a good place."

"You seem pretty hard hit. There's plenty of time. Give me a cigarette, and I'll tell you how I came to know about her. Her real name is Lill Cariac, and she was the daughter of a banker at Marseilles. It was his intention that she should marry a distant relative of his, enormously rich, but old enough to be her father. She's a hot-tempered, passionate girl, and the idea did not suit her at all. However, as her father threatened to put her in a convent, she had to submit. It happened that, shortly before her marriage was to take place, she and her father and sister (for she had no mother) went to Biarritz, where she made the acquaintance, at a ball at the Casino, of a singer named Royer. He had no great standing in his profession, but he was uncommonly handsome. Mlle. Lucille fell desperately in love with this deuce of a lady-killer, and one fine morning they were missing. It happened that, two years after they were married, Royer was singing one winter at Nice. Now Madame Royer was very fond of riding, not only because she looked charming in a habit, but because she was a fine horsewoman. It was Carnival-time, and one afternoon she and her husband were starting for a ride, when they came across a procession of masqueraders. They stood to allow them to go by, when Royer's horse was struck by some of the confetti. Royer was no rider; he lost all control of the beast,—a rakish grey mare, which he ought never to have attempted to ride; it got the bit in its mouth, and dashed down the Avenue de la Gare, Lucille vainly trying to keep up with it. Suddenly it swerved from a plucky gendarme who rushed at it to stop it, throwing poor Royer over its head. To the horror of the spectators he lay motionless. They picked him up and took him to the nearest pharmacy. Three days he remained unconscious, his loving wife watching over him with the tenderest care. It

was of no avail, and he passed away without recognizing her. It threw a gloom over the whole town, as they were both so well known and respected. For many a month Lucille remained disconsolate; but, partly on the advice of her doctor, who told her that work was the best antidote to prevent her brooding over her loss, and partly through want of money—for though her husband had made a good deal, he had never saved—she determined to turn her wonderful talents to account and to go on the stage."

Gartier's sad story gave an additional charm to Lucille. I had been smitten with her beauty, but now her helpless, defenceless state appealed to my better nature. "No wonder she is so cold and distant," I thought.

"Come," I said; "if we are to get a good place it's time we were off."

Tours at that period was the chief seat of the legislature, and also the headquarters of the army of the Loire, which was then in rather an embryo state. The town was very full of troops, and of course on an occasion when a concert was to be given for the wounded they patronized it in great numbers.

As soon as Lucille appeared on the stage she was greeted with a perfect roar of applause. She took this as a matter of course, and seemed glad when she was able to commence her song, which was out of Offenbach's "Grande Duchesse." Had any one else treated the audience in the same nonchalant manner, it would have resulted differently; but every one knew that the beautiful girl before them had sold her jewels and trinkets for the benefit of the wounded, and that she had been the means of drawing thousands of francs into the fund. All her songs were encored, but she did not trouble to sing them again.

When I got back to the hotel that evening I learned that she occupied a room on the floor above me. During the next fortnight I sometimes met her on the stairs, but I never had the opportunity of speaking to her. I consoled myself, however, with the knowledge

that nobody else had, excepting the landlord, who was a respectable, quiet man, with a family. Night after night I used to rack my brain, thinking what excuse I could invent to make the acquaintance of this mysterious siren.

Being an artist, I was accustomed to paint backgrounds for my pictures in the summer and autumn, and then put in the figures when I got back to Paris; so that I had a number of canvasses in my room which only wanted the figures to make them complete. I had recently been reading Prosper Mérimée's "Carmen," a book much popularized since by Bizet's opera. I was so fascinated by it that I resolved to paint a scene out of it. I had finished the background—the figures only were wanting. I was tossing restlessly about one night, thinking of the beautiful girl up-stairs, when an idea occurred to me. "Why," I said to myself, "should I not give the picture of 'Carmen' to the bazaar that the mayor is getting up for the wounded? Perchance in that case Mlle. Lucille would sit as my model."

No one ever longed for the hours to pass more than I did. I heard the cathedral clock strike three, four, five; then the réveillé sounded in the barracks; then the faint glimmer of the dawn gradually lighted the chamber, the cocks commenced crowing in the yard below; then the drums beat as the troops went to morning exercise; then at eight I heard them as they came back again. Still I knew it was no good my getting up, as Mlle. Lucille never rose till nearly midday. I have as much sangfroid as most men, but I confess, as the time approached to put my plan into execution, I began to feel uncommonly nervous; and had I not told Duncan what I was going to do, I should have given it up.

It was with trembling knees that I went up-stairs with my canvas under my arm. I knocked.

"Who's there?" said a soft, musical voice.

"Henry Dalton," I answered, "an artist who lives on the floor below."

All this time Duncan, who had a dry sense of humor, was grinning at the bot-

tom of the stairs. "She'll send you down rather quicker than you go up," had been his comforting remark when I had mentioned the idea to him.

"What do you want?"

"I want to ask you about a picture I am doing for the wounded," I replied.

"You're d—d artful," said a voice at the bottom of the stairs.

"Entrez."

I entered. Dressed simply in white, with a mauve belt with a rose in it—her beautiful dark hair parted at the side à l'Espagnole—she looked to me more lovely than I had ever seen her. She was seated in an easy-chair with her *déjeuner* beside her, reading a newspaper.

I explained matters to her. I told her that, although English, I had the greatest regard for the French nation; I admired the gallant way they continued the unequal struggle with their invaders, and I waxed so eloquent on the bravery they had shown that her bright eyes kindled with pleasure, and she fell completely into the trap. She entered readily into the scheme. I gave her the book.

"I'll let you know to-morrow," she said, "at what time I will see you."

Satisfied with this beginning, I descended.

"I was delighted with the book; I was so interested that I read the whole of it at once," she said the next morning. "I am afraid I have got you to come rather early, but I am quite anxious to begin. Look here," she continued, stooping over a large box,—"look at that mantilla, look at that sash; I shall be ready by the time you have got your materials."

I was quite astonished by her enthusiasm; I began to feel rather a hypocrite. However, I thought, "all's fair in love and war," and as Ovid says, "*Militiæ species amor est*;" so I did not let it trouble me.

When I came up she was completely metamorphosed. A more perfect and beautiful "Carmen" it would be impossible to imagine. The mantilla, the white stockings, the short petticoats,

the thoroughly Spanish tout ensemble, showed off the fine symmetry of her figure. It was a wet day, and the light in her little room, or rather garret, was so bad that we were obliged to go out on the landing.

In the picture "Carmen" was represented leaning against a tree waiting for the smugglers, who are seen approaching in the distance with their mules.

"There," she said, as she leant against the wall with one hand on her hip, while with the other she lightly played with the dagger half concealed in her sash; "I think this is an easy, natural pose, and I can stand like this for hours."

She was as good as her word; till her déjeuner appeared she hardly moved once. She insisted on my sharing it with her, which, it may easily be imagined, I was not loath to do. When it was finished I went on painting till the darkness obliged me to desist. She did not sit, or in this case stand, so long every day, but I was enabled to finish the picture in about a week. My fair model and I were equally pleased with it.

"You have done this," she said, "to please me. Now, if you like, I will sit to please you." Accordingly she sat as the daughter of an innkeeper in a picture I had nearly finished.

It represented a couple of officers of Hussars waiting for their horses to be brought round; in the meanwhile they were passing the time very agreeably flirting with the innkeeper's daughter, who was seated on the corner of a table in front of the old wayside inn.

"I perfectly understand," said Mile. Lucille, as I explained it to her; "and that fellow who is chucking me under the chin is under the impression he will get a kiss for his trouble."

"Yes."

"Well," she added naively, "I think you made a mistake in putting her old father looking out of the window!"

This little mistake had not occurred to me. "You're right," I said, with a laugh; "but I can easily rub him out."

Being constantly in the company of this singular, wayward, capricious girl,

I could not help falling more deeply in love with her from day to day; though up to this time she had been extraordinarily reserved, not to say haughty. But now she was getting far more friendly; she commenced to ask me questions about my native country and my life in Paris. She surprised me one morning by saying, "I am going to sing regularly at the Alcazar; I want money, and they have offered two hundred and fifty francs a week."

The Alcazar was a kind of café chantant, and I was rather surprised at her accepting such an engagement. I did not hesitate to tell her that I thought she was wasting her wonderful talents.

"Oh," she laughed, "it's only till the war is over."

"Of course," I answered, with a sigh; "then you will return to Bordeaux and Lyons to be fêted from one week's end to the other, and finally marry a millionaire, and forget about the poor devil of an artist who painted you at Tours."

"No, I shan't," she answered; "and as regards marrying a millionaire, you may be sure I shall not marry any one who has not fought for his country, and who has not tried to drive these hateful Prussians out of our fatherland. I tell you this," she added, her bright eyes flashing with excitement, "the man who will win me must fight for me, and he who fights for me must fight for La belle France."

There was such a look of mingled fire and tenderness in her eyes as she said this that I sprang up. "Mademoiselle, no one is more ready to fight or die for you than I am, if there is a chance of my earning your love. If I volunteer to-morrow, and if I ever come back, will you marry me?"

She was seated on the window-sill; she did not withdraw the hand which I had seized, but pouting her pretty lips, she answered gently:—

"Perhaps I might."

"Very well," I returned, "that's enough; I'll go to the barracks and see my friend Lavallette. May I seal the contract with a kiss?"

"Well, if you like, just one," she answered demurely, holding her head down a little.

"Oh, it's no trouble to give half-a-dozen," I answered—and I did.

That very afternoon I saw Lavallette, whom I knew very well.

"You want to join the Mobiles? Why, you're English, my friend. I don't understand this at all; there must be some woman at the bottom of it."

"Perhaps there is," I answered.

"In that case a fellow is not responsible for his own actions. However, I will see the commandant about it. I should like to have a few more recruits of your physique."

My friend Duncan simply gave me credit for being out of my senses when I told him of my resolution; but Gartier, Vernault, Rol, and other officers whom I knew, were loud in their praise, and drank my health with great enthusiasm at table d'hôte. Most of them, however, strongly advised me to join some band of franc-tireurs; but there were several reasons against this. In the first place, when I had paid my hotel bill I had very little money left; and besides, most of the companies of francs-tireurs were got up by country gentlemen at their own expense, and were chiefly composed of their tenants, gamekeepers, etc., and I was too proud to accept any position of that sort.

"I think I can manage it," said Lavallette to me the next morning. "You must come with me to the Mairie, and we will soon make a Frenchman of you; but let me tell you beforehand, it's no child's play."

"I know that," I answered.

Accordingly we went to the Mairie, where I signed a number of papers. I was then told to report myself at the headquarters of the 30th Mobiles of the Loire that afternoon.

"I need not remind you, my dear fellow," said Lavallette as we returned home, "that from henceforth we shall be no longer equals."

"Of course not," I answered; "I am fully aware of that! If I am in your company—and I hope I shall be—I shall have to brush your clothes, etc."

"I will try and get you in my company if I can," he said; and much to my delight he was able to do so.

From that time for the next month my life was hardly worth living. Before leaving England two years previously I had been in the Volunteers, so that I knew something about drill and how to handle a rifle. The old sergeant who had charge of the recruits quickly found that out, but for all that I was not let off in the least. Drill in the morning almost before daybreak, drill at noon, drill at night, varied by fatigue duties, which, if anything, were worse. Only on Sunday, or once or twice a week, could I find time to see Lucille. It was impossible for me to make any appointments, as the time was not my own. However, one evening I found time to call at the hotel.

"I've got such grand news to tell you," she said, as she kissed me. "We will dine at the café near the bridge, where it is quieter, and I will tell you all about it. You know that picture you did for me? Well, I've sold it for £16; here's the money," and at the same time she placed four 100-franc notes in my hand.

I was very hard up at the time, so much so that I was thinking of pawning my gold watch that my aunt had given me. This was a regular godsend, and when I had finished thanking her I said, "You will let me buy you a little present, won't you?"

"Not unless you will promise not to give more than twenty-five francs for it."

"Very well," I answered, and the next day I bought her a locket for that amount. It was a beggarly present, but I knew her too well to have got her anything better; if I had disobeyed her, she would probably have thrown it away. That evening, having a little time, I went with her to the Alcazar, but had to leave long before the performance was over, so as to be into barracks.

It was about a week after this that we received orders to go to the front to form part of the 16th Army Corps under Chanzy, who at that time was beginning to make that reputation which stamped him, on the French side, as the most successful general of the war. As we received only one day's notice, my last and only chance of seeing

Lucille would be that evening, even if my duties did not prevent it altogether. However, about eight o'clock I managed to get away. I hastened to the Alcazar. The man at the stage-door knew me, as he had often seen me with Lucille. He demurred somewhat to my entering, but a 5-franc piece had the desired effect. The caporal was sounding. I knew I must be back by half past eight, and it was some little distance to the barracks. I knocked loudly at her door.

"Come in," said a voice.

Lucille was in a pink dress with black lace over it. In her raven hair was a red rose. Her guitar was in a corner; she was going to sing some Spanish song. She was just glancing at a piece of music as I entered. I saw all this in a moment. There was a look of great surprise on her beautiful face as she looked up.

"Henri!"

"Lucille!" I cried, "I have no time; we are off to-morrow early."

"To-morrow!" she exclaimed, aghast.

"I have come to say good-bye. You will remember me? You will keep your promise?" I said, all in one breath.

At that moment, through the thin partition, I could hear the shouts and bravos of the audience,—a song was just finished. There was a knock at the door.

"Mamzelle, mamzelle," said the voice of the call-boy.

There was a look of intense love and tenderness in her bright, bewitching eyes.

"Good-bye, my darling!" she cried, throwing her arms round me, and kissing me with all the ardor of her passionate Southern nature. "Do not fear; I will never forget you, and when you come back you shall have me for your own." Then after one long clinging kiss, she caught up her guitar and hurried out, her eyes bright with the tears she vainly tried to keep back.

I followed her up the passage, I heard the shouts and clappings that greeted her, but I could not stand any more; I hurried back to her room, so that no one might see my emotion. Her things

were strewn about the tiny den of a place. On a table were her little gloves and a rose; I took these and hurried out, fearing if I stayed my resolution would break down.

The next morning, ere it was light, we commenced our march towards Blois. It was bitterly cold, and the wind swept in gusts over the snowy fields. There were not many more than sixty of us Mobiles. We were under the command of Lavallette and Lieutenant Drevet. Most of my comrades were good enough sort of fellows; their physique would not have compared very well with an English regiment of that day, for short service was then unknown. Still they were animated with a spirit of patriotism, which made them no mean opponents under a general of Chanzy's calibre; the Germans themselves admitted this.

On the march no great order was kept. The men went along in a slovenly easy manner, many of them with their hands in their pockets and their rifles slung on their backs, smoking and chatting as it suited them.

I think I may say I was very popular among them; for, poor as I was, I was very much better off than most of them, and having laid in a large stock of tobacco, which I soon found very inconvenient, I was compelled to give a great part of it away. This brought me an immense number of friends. I did not think it necessary to tell them that the weight of ninety-six rounds of ball-cartridges, a heavy cowhide knapsack, and accoutrements was the chief cause of my generosity.

Among my comrades there were two or three that I should have liked under any circumstances, especially one named Jacquemart, an organist by profession in Bordeaux. He was barely twenty, but he was betrothed, as he very soon let me know, to a girl in Toulouse, and being of a very sentimental disposition, was everlastingly talking about her. Being in love myself, I listened to his raptures on the beauty of his fiancée with rather more complacency than some would have done. There was another named Bord.

the editor of a paper at Bayonne. He was married and had a family, and was continually speculating whether he should ever see them again.

We stayed at Blois nearly a week, when we received orders to join the rest of the battalion at Beaugency. However, when we arrived at the little village of Lorges, abutting on the forest of Marchenoir, orders came for us to march straight for Patay, where our battalion had since gone.

We then learned that we formed part of Bourdillon's brigade, included in the 1st Division under Admiral Jauréguiberry, of the 16th Corps under Chanzy. That evening, 29th November, we bivouacked in the open with some of the artillery of the 17th Corps that we had fallen in with. Up to this time we had heard firing on the extreme left, but had not seen anything of the enemy, not even an ubiquitous Uhlan. We were destined, however, very soon to receive our baptism of fire.

The next morning we fell in with our own battalion near the village of Orgères: they had been marching all night, and seemed very worn out, not to say demoralized. The company to which I found myself appointed was commanded, I was glad to find, by Lavallette, and formed part of the avant-garde. We received orders to hold the village of Tournosis. Our battalion was under Commandant Leroy, and as he wished to see Lavallette about the Mobiles he brought with him from Tours, our company for the time being was under a young lieutenant named Beaumoy.

On our way we came across a large convoy of wounded belonging to the 17th Corps (then in retreat before Von der Tann), which had suffered severely in the fighting round Chateaudun. The sight of these poor fellows many of whom had not had their wounds dressed for days, had a very depressing effect on our spirits; in fact I was now able to see for myself what I had thought all along, that however good a general Chanzy might be, our cause was hopeless. I was now able to confirm what I had heard often enough,

that so long as fortune favors them, the French troops will hold their own with any; but that once let them know defeat, and it takes them a long time to recover their former dash. I noticed that in many of the rough jolting country carts that contained the wounded, some were dead. These had probably passed peacefully away, quite unnoticed by their groaning comrades. The blood trickled through the straw, leaving on the frozen road a regular trail. After passing the wounded we came on an ammunition column, and we were warned by some chasseurs who were escorting it that there were Uhlans in the district belonging to the division of General Stolberg, one of the most dashing of German cavalry officers.

Owing to the undulating nature of the ground it was impossible to see far ahead, but we reckoned that we were near the village. Bord, who was marching beside me, was wondering whether we should get anything to eat when we reached there, when suddenly on our right, on the ridge of a slight incline on the crest of which there was a wood, we saw a Uhlan watching us under cover of the trees. Perceiving he was discovered, he disappeared. This was the first time I had ever seen one of the redoubtable horsemen, and my spirits rose at the thought of haying a brush with them. The lieutenant, feeling his responsibility, ordered the "halt" to be sounded, intending to wait for the remainder of the battalion to come up; but as, after waiting a little time, he could see nothing of them, he decided to push on cautiously. We had gone some little distance, and I was thinking, as I often did, of Lucille and what she was doing, when suddenly came sweeping down the road (which took a sharp turn to the right about a hundred yards in front of us) a squadron of Uhlans. Lieutenant Beaumoy, as we afterwards learned, completely lost his head, and if he gave any orders, we did not hear them.

There is nothing more trying to the nerves, especially of young troops, than receiving a charge of cavalry, even if there is time to prepare for it; but in

this case there was not, and many, as soon as they saw the Uhlans, jumped over the ditch at the side of the road. We in the front ranks, however, knew nothing of this till afterwards.

"Steady, mes enfants! wait for them and fire low," roared Sergeant Largemont, a great fair-haired Norman, at the side of me. I reserved my fire till they were about twenty paces off, and then I singled out one who seemed coming straight at me. I hit the horse, but the next moment they were upon us. I remember parrying one thrust with my bayonet, but the next minute, somehow, I don't know how it happened, I found myself in the ditch, and for the time half-stunned.

"Come on!" cried Jacquemart, shaking my arm; "they've taken the lieutenant, and they will be back in a moment."

The whole squadron had passed like a whirlwind. They had now pulled up about two hundred yards from us. They had, however, lost several men and horses.

"If we can reach that wood, we shall be safe," said Jacquemart; and to run better, he threw off his knapsack, as did also a young lad of eighteen whom I had known at Tours, Chalot by name, who seemed regularly dazed. Being very active and strong, I did not see the force of throwing mine away.

I followed Jacquemart and the other, loading my chassepôt as I went. Just then some half-a-dozen Uhlans jumped the ditch, with the intention of cutting us off, and some others who were nearer them, from reaching the wood. They succeeded in capturing some. Two of the Uhlans came straight for us; I took steady aim at the foremost, but missed him. Jacquemart was equally unfortunate. "Surrender!" he shouted in German. He was close upon us; I could see he was an officer, and he had his revolver ready to fire as soon as he was near enough.

"Give me your gun," I said to Chalot, and taking it from him, I fired again.

"Bravo!" shouted Jacquemart as the horse stumbled, throwing its rider over its head, not ten paces from us, where

he lay, seemingly stunned. The other Uhlans, seeing this, wheeled off to the left. We ran forward.

"Get up!" cried Chalot, kicking his prostrate foe in the ribs. He looked up vacantly; taking in the situation, he rose, giving me his revolver. I then saw his arm was broken.

Taking him with us, we quickly reached the wood. We found that we had lost six men, and that a dozen had been taken prisoners, including the lieutenant in command. We could see them taking our men off, but it was impossible for us to fire on them, as our own men were in the middle of them. All this happened in a much shorter time than it takes to describe. Sergeant Largemont now took command, and we marched back, and in about an hour met our battalion, and then we found that through the stupidity of the lieutenant we had got too far in advance, and taken the wrong road. However, about three o'clock in the afternoon we took possession of the village without meeting any opposition.

That evening, as I was going on guard, a comrade told me that a franc-tireur had been inquiring for me. "A franc-tireur!" I exclaimed; "I don't think it can be for me."

"His name is Jacques Morot; he has only just arrived with about twenty of them; they have brought in about half-a-dozen prisoners. He said he wanted to see you particularly; he's a very good-looking young fellow, slightly built, very dark eyes, and olive complexion."

The corporal came round, and wondering who it could possibly be, I started off with the picket. It was a bitterly cold night that 30th November. The moon was not strong, but the sky was clear and the stars shone brightly. Mechanically I stamped up and down, partly to keep myself warm, and partly to keep myself from going to sleep; for nearly sixteen hours we had been on the march. In the woods on the opposite side of the valley all was dark and quiet; yet we had seen Uhlans on the outskirts only a few hours before, though, as we had no cavalry to spare, no reconnaissance had been made.

Down below on the right some village was burning, most likely the work of some disappointed Uhlans.

My thoughts naturally turned to Lucille, and as I heard the village clock in the old church tower strike the hours, I thought of what she was doing. "Now," I said to myself, "she is going to sing, now they are cheering her, now she is going back to the hotel, now—" but my thoughts were rudely interrupted by a sharp crackling fire on my right, which, however, soon ceased, and was probably a false alarm of some of our conscripts, who fancied that every moving object in the darkness must be a Prussian.

It was getting on towards midnight when I saw a chasseur making in hot haste for the headquarters of our brigade. I feared that perhaps we should have to commence our march again that night, but soon after the picket came round to relieve me, and then I learned that the 39th Foot and the 20th Regiment of Artillery were to march at daybreak, so that we should be in the rear. So long as we didn't march then, I did not care; I threw myself down on the straw, getting as close to the fire as I safely could, and slept as only those who have marched eight leagues on heavy ground can sleep.

The morning of the 1st December broke clear and cold over the snow-covered landscape. The sun shone brightly, and the ground was frozen hard. The 39th were already gone, and the artillery were rumbling along over the road, when we received orders to follow them towards Guillonville and Gommlers, which we learned had been captured by the advance-guard of the Duke of Mecklenburg, chiefly composed of Von der Tann's Bavarians. The artillery had been gone some time, but as we were able to go over the fields it was probable that we should arrive about the same time. As we were about to start, General Chanzy and his staff trotted by. He hardly returned our salute, as he was in deep conversation with Admiral Jauréguiberry, who rode a little in advance with him. Sergeant Largemont pointed me

out General Michel, who had the chief command of the cavalry of the division; General Bourdillon, who commanded our brigade; and some others whose names I forget. I was glad to have the opportunity of seeing Chanzy, as I never had the chance again. I can see him now, with the fur collar of his coat turned up to his ears, and the worn, thoughtful look on his clear-cut features.

It was noon ere we arrived opposite the villages, but between us and them there was another village named Muzelles, consisting of a small street with a church at the end of it; and it was into these houses that our artillery had commenced to send shell after shell preparatory to our attack on it.

We halted under cover of a wood, from whence we could watch our gunners through the smoke. We had been there about twenty minutes when an aide-de-camp arrived; then we fell in, and marched well under cover of the wood to the right, where we met the 39th. We then learned that they were to lead the attack on the village, so we formed up in their rear. We issued from the wood, the commandant a little in advance, the captains in front of their companies, the subalterns at the sides.

The roar of the guns was now terrific, to which was added the continuous, even growl of the mitrailleuse, which had just been got into position.

The drums beat the *pas-de-charge*, and we advanced at the double. For the first time in my life I was under fire; and for myself, I was so carried away by excitement that I almost forgot the danger. There was no doubt we had got a tough affair in front of us, for the village was strongly held, every wall was loopholed, and every window occupied. Our men began to fall rather fast. Among the very first was poor Chalot; but whether he was mortally wounded I do not know, anyway I never saw him again.

Up to this time we had followed the 39th, but when we got within three hundred metres of the village we made a detour to the right, the 39th keeping straight on. We were to attack the

houses in the rear. A hollow in the ground rather favored us, and we got into the gardens at the back of the houses before we were under fire again; but then it was terribly severe.

"Allons, mes enfants!" cried Lavallette; "show the devils what you're made of; if we can't get in we will burn them out!"

Several men seized some fagots for this purpose. Suddenly I saw a ladder.

"Ram the door in with this, my boys!" I cried.

Bord and several others seized it, and using it as a ram, we charged the door, which at the first shock was smashed in.

I was the first to enter; a bullet, fired from the top of the stairs, passed through my knapsack. I did not know it at the time, but I found it afterwards embedded in a leather note-book. Before the fellow had time to load again, I had hit him, and in another moment I was at the top of the little staircase. A great fair-haired giant rushed at me with his clubbed rifle; I parried the blow with my own, and then closed with him; we remained locked together each trying to hurl the other down the stairs. I felt I was gradually losing ground, when, at the very instant I thought I was falling, there was a most tremendous crash, followed by a terrific explosion that shook the little house to its very foundations. A shell had burst in the front room, which was full of their men, who were firing on our troops in the street below from the windows. These came rushing out on the landing, and in the confusion my adversary and I fell from the top to the bottom of the stairs. For some moments I was stunned, but when I came to my senses I found myself lying in a pool of blood from the body of the Bavarian, who was lying quite dead beside me, having been bayoneted by some of those who had followed me in. I got up and went up-stairs, where we found four Germans on the landing holding their guns reversed, a sign of surrender. Sergeant Largemont took their arms from them, and ordered some of our men to guard them. I went into

the front room. In the ceiling and in one corner of the floor were immense holes caused by the shell. The walls were blackened, the door hung on one hinge, on the floor lay the body of a German. The poor fellow's head was completely blown away, the brains being spattered on the wall. A month ago these sights would have made me ill, but in war men soon become little better than brutes.

Fighting was still going on fiercely in the street below. Sergeant Largemont, Bord, and myself commenced firing from the window—that had been barricaded with some bedding and a board across—at those in the opposite houses, and those in their turn were firing at our men in the street, who were trying to force their way into the houses. It was not till we had hit three of them that they noticed where the shots came from.

Suddenly poor Bord fell like a bullock under the axe. I heard the "ping" of the bullet as it whizzed by my ear. I stooped down over him; even at that moment I could not help thinking of his wife and family, of whom he was always talking.

"Where are you hit?" I asked.

But no answer came. The pulse had stopped, and then I saw some blood on his neck. The ball had entered just over the right ear, leaving a small round hole hardly large enough to insert the little finger.

Apart from the houses opposite, which still held out, the village was now in our possession, and as we found it impossible to take them, our men set fire to the neighboring ones, which had the desired effect.

"Come down now," said the sergeant. I followed him, after having first helped myself to some of poor Bord's cartridges.

The German prisoners—who, by the way, were all more or less badly wounded by the shell—were grouped together at the bottom of the stairs, and were being questioned by the lieutenant, whose knowledge of the language seemed very limited, so that I fear he did not learn much.

As I passed through the garden I heard a groan from behind a shrub close to the wall, and to my horror whom should I see but Lavallette on the ground leaning against it. He had evidently been hit as he was climbing over it. I had a little cognac in a flask, and stooped down and gave him some, pouring it down his throat with difficulty, as he was quite unconscious. The spirit, however, revived him for a moment, and he looked up and recognized me. His lips moved faintly. "It's all over with me, *mon ami!*" he murmured, and then with a convulsive tremor fell back dead. It was as much as I could do to restrain my tears. Seeing Jacquemart, I called him, and with his help and another's we carried the body into a cartshed near, where we laid it beside a dozen others. I was turning away sick at heart when I heard a familiar voice, a voice which made me think I was dreaming—"Henri! Henri!" The next moment I felt a light tap on my shoulder. I turned round; it was Lucille in the uniform of a franc-tireur of the Loire!

"O ciel!" I exclaimed, "is it you, Lu—" her little hand was on my mouth.

"How are you? What a time 'tis since I have seen you! You remember me—Jacques Morot?"

I looked at her with mingled love and anger.

"Ma foi! what new freak is this? O Lucille, how could you be so rash, so foolish?"

"Shall I tell you?" she answered, blushing and holding down her head.

"Yes."

"I have done it because—because I love you—I did not know how much till you were gone; and then—oh, I felt so wretched!"

It was with difficulty that I restrained myself from taking her up and smothering her with kisses.

"O my darling!" I said, "much as I love you, I wish you had never come."

Just then the bugle sounded.

"I must go," I said.

"You see," she laughed, pointing to the galons on her sleeve. "I'm a ser-

geant; I'll tell you all about it afterwards. My own men have not the slightest idea who I am, but most of yours might recognize me, so *au revoir* for the present."

The next moment she was gone. To me it all seemed like a dream.

In the adjoining field I saw our commandant on his black horse talking to General Bourdillon, surrounded by his *états-major*.

As we formed up into companies it became apparent how many we had lost. Ours barely numbered seventy. We commenced to march, and when we had gone three hundred or four hundred metres, we halted and took up a position behind a low stone wall. The village of Muzelles was now on our left flank, and somewhat in the rear was Patay. The Germans were in a wood about one thousand metres off. They held, however, a large farm about six hundred metres from us, which we thought we were going to attack. The village of Terminiers was on our right flank.

"Are we going to wait for them?" I heard a lieutenant of another company ask a captain.

"Yes; we shall wait for them here, if there are any of us left to wait," was the answer, and a very comforting one too, I thought.

Lucille and about a dozen franc-tireurs had kept upon our left. Any of our men who had anything to eat took the present opportunity. I had a little biscuit, so I kept that for Lucille, thinking she might not have any. Our company was luckily on the left of the battalion, so I was soon able to get to her. She was laughing with some of her comrades. When I came up she introduced me without the slightest hesitation as an old schoolfellow whom she had not seen for years. To me it seemed quite astounding that any one could not tell that that handsome, bright-eyed young fellow was a girl. "Jacques Morot" was evidently a great favorite, but at last he found an opportunity of talking apart with me.

"I have brought you some biscuit, *ma chérie*," I said: "it is not much, but it is all I've got."

"O my dear Henri," she laughed, "I've got something better than that—look here," and she took from her haversack part of a tongue, and a German sausage frozen as hard as a brick. "We took these from some German prisoners yesterday. Now," she continued, placing her little gun against the wall—"now we can eat in peace, and I will tell you how I came here."

"Don't talk so loud, dearest," I said.

"You're right," she answered, sotto voce. "Well, you know, when you left I felt so wretched, and I felt so sure that you would be killed, that I did not know what to do with myself. At last I determined to go as a franc-tireur; so the week after you left I went and bought a carbine, an English one—a very good one too, as I found out yesterday; I cut off my hair, and I put on this uniform, which suits me very well, doesn't it?"

"Anything would," I answered, taking her hand.

"Well," she continued, cutting up the tongue and eating the biscuit with evident relish, "I put on a large cloak with a hood, and went one night to Blois by rail, where I enlisted. They wanted to know my name; but I told them that was my affair—I had come to fight for France. They think now, because I speak Spanish so fluently, that the name I finally gave, Jacques Morot, is a nom de guerre, and that I am a Spanish nobleman. They wished to make me a lieutenant; but a commission was not to my taste—though they call me 'le petit comte.'"

"Ma fol," I roared, "that is very good;" and we both laughed so loud that everybody looked at us.

I took up her little gun, which was a beautiful weapon of English make.

"Does it kick much?" I asked.

"Not much; I put some wadding in my dress—I mean," she laughed, "in my coat."

"Ah, Jacques Morot, you are as clever as you are beautiful!"

All this time the fighting continued as fiercely as ever on our extreme left, but we privates knew nothing of what was going on; some said that our centre was broken, and that the flank of our

division had been driven in; but this was mere conjecture. As for me, I thought of nothing but the beautiful girl beside me contentedly munching a hard biscuit.

The commandant's horse was being led up and down, he meanwhile smoking a cigarette, while he looked at a large plan which another officer was holding.

Suddenly there was a flash on a hill about fifteen hundred metres from us, a dull report, a whizzing, shrieking noise in the air, as a shell passed over our heads and burst in an orchard about one hundred metres in our rear. It is a peculiarity of a shell that, though one may hear it coming, it is impossible to know where it will fall—it may be at your feet, or five hundred metres to the rear.

"This is the beginning of the game," remarked a corporal of my company.

"Sacré bleu! they're getting the range a little better," said Lucille, her bright eyes glistening with excitement as a shell burst about thirty metres from us with a fearful explosion—without, however, doing any harm, as there was the wall between us.

The commandant had now mounted his horse, knowing that these shells were probably to cover the advance against us. He sat motionless some little time, scanning the woods opposite with his field-glasses; then shutting them up with a snap, he put them in their case and gave the order to "fall in." Though we could see nothing, we took up our position behind the wall.

Lucille was about twelve paces from me, and I resolved, as soon as ever the attack commenced, to get next to her. Just then a shell came crashing into the wall not ten yards from me; all who could threw themselves flat on the ground, but two men were killed by it and about eight more or less wounded, and a large breach was made in the wall.

"Why the deuce don't our guns begin?" said Sergeant Largemont.

"All right," said another; "there they go!" as one of our shells fell right through the roof of a barn at the side of

the farm which was half-way between us and the wood.

For some quarter of an hour we remained passive while this artillery duel was being carried on over our heads. It appeared to me that we were getting the best of it; for although our guns were of smaller calibre, and could hardly reach theirs, still we succeeded in demolishing, and finally setting fire to, the farm. The Germans had just commenced to evacuate it, when large reinforcements issued from the wood.

"Now, mes enfants, the fun is going to begin," said the sergeant; "they don't reckon on that though," and he pointed to a mitrailleuse behind the wall on our right, which up to that time we had not noticed. Our sappers commenced to knock down part of the wall just in front of it.

Up to within five hundred metres the Germans, or rather Bavarians, had advanced in columns, but now they broke into open order, and at the same time opened fire on us. The "rip-ping" of the bullets was continuous, but luckily most of them went over our heads. Then we commenced firing.

"Steady, mes enfants!" said the old commandant behind us, as he rode slowly up and down,—"steady; fire low, and aim sure."

In spite of the wall many of our men were hit, and I turned almost faint as I thought of the danger Lucille was running. Taking advantage of the firing and confusion, I left my place and got next to her.

"I am certain I have hit three," she said.

I said nothing, but continued firing, bringing down a man almost every time. But, for all the heavy fire, the Germans continued to advance. Then we heard for the first time the welcome, mechanical growl peculiar to the mitrailleuse. An officer on a brown horse, who was leading them, was one of the first to fall. Still they come on till they were not more than a hundred metres from us. Above the roar of the battle, and even growl of the mitrailleuse, could be heard the shouts of their officers, the piteous cries of the

wounded, the oaths and curses of the men.

But at last our fire was too strong. The mitrailleuse seemed to mow them down. They wavered, and finally broke.

"Ah, if we only had some cavalry!" said a franc-tireur, wiping the perspiration from his face.

Who gave the order I know not, but with a cry of exultation our men scrambled over the wall in pursuit.

"Don't give the devils time to rally, or any quarter either," said another franc-tireur, who seemed more like a fiend than a human being—though, as the Prussians invariably shot all franc-tireurs, there was perhaps some reason for his hate.

I helped Lucille over the wall, and followed the others. Every now and again some of our men would fall, as the Germans turned, fired, and retreated again.

The horse of the commandant had been hit, and the poor maddened beast got the bit in his mouth and was tearing wildly towards me. I succeeded in stopping it, and hardly waiting for the thanks of my commanding officer, I hurried after Lucille, loading my chassépot mechanically as I went. At that instant I felt a sharp sting in my leg just above the knee. I was aware I was hit, but almost at the very same moment, above the noise of the firing, I heard a piercing shriek. I knew it was Lucille. In spite of the excruciating pain, I ran to her, feeling sick with apprehension.

She was on her back, writhing on the ground, in her agony tearing open her coat.

"O my darling!" I cried, kneeling down beside her, "speak, speak, where is it?" She tried to speak, but the bloody foam on her lips showed that the bullet had passed through the lungs. With an effort she raised herself on her elbow, the crimson blood rushed in torrents from her mouth, and then with one convulsive tremor she fell flat on her face, dead, as white and cold as the snow around her. I could not realize it. I threw myself on the corpse; on her white breast, through her open tunic, I

saw, tied by a piece of brown silk, the little silver locket I had given her.

"Lucille! Lucille!" I cried, kissing her marble forehead, "speak! speak! it is Henri, your own Henri!" But the cold lips did not move.

ANDREW W. ARNOLD.

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From The Cornhill Magazine.  
ASSYE AND WELLINGTON.  
AN ANNIVERSARY STUDY.

ASSYE, SEPTEMBER 23, 1803.

DUKE OF WELLINGTON DIED SEPT. 14, 1852.

As we approach the end of the nineteenth century we come more and more into a period when those who love to keep up their memory of past events by centenary celebrations will find frequent occasion for their enthusiasm. During the next twenty years centenaries of our most glorious victories by land and sea will crowd on one another. Just a hundred years ago the young conqueror of Italy was beginning that wonderful career which was to shake to their base all the thrones of Continental Europe outside of Russia, and to sweep away forever numbers of worn-out traditions that had survived the Middle Ages in which they were born. In the same year, 1796, an English officer of exactly the same age as the Republican general was proceeding on the long voyage by the Cape to India. Lieutenant-Colonel Wellesley was then in command of the 33rd Regiment, and was at sea during nearly the whole of the brilliant campaign which began that period of Napoleonic ascendancy which he was himself destined to close forever nineteen years afterwards at Waterloo. He was no untried soldier even when he landed in India. During the disastrous campaign in the Low Countries he was one of the few officers of the English army who had markedly distinguished themselves. Nevertheless, it may be doubted whether the greater glories of his European service have not somewhat obscured the memory of those

long years in India during which he first established his claim to be reckoned as at least one of the most notable of English commanders, and to which, across the vista of his own splendid career, he always himself looked back with fond remembrance. Seven years had elapsed after his landing in the East, before, on the twenty-third of the current month (September), he stood a victor on the fiercely fought field of Assye. The seven years had, however, given him, in the mean time, ample experience of war.

He had repelled the attack of Tippoo upon the army of the Nizam, of which in 1799, he was in command, and had helped to gain the fight at Mahavelly. In the attack on Seringapatam, after a partial failure, on April 5, 1799, he had on the 6th taken the outer defences, and was engaged in the final capture on May 4. He had carried out a small but very arduous campaign on his own account against Dhoodiah, a robber chief, and undoubtedly the experience so gained was of great service to him in the more formidable business of the war against the Marhattas. On August 10, 1803, he captured by assault Ahmednuggar, and moving in two columns—one under himself, one under Colonel Stevenson—he advanced for the famous fight at Assye. This, the first battle in which he commanded, is chiefly remarkable for the fact, that, whereas the character which is usually attributed to Wellington as a commander is his extreme caution and the patience with which he worked his way to victory, the attack which he made at Assye erred, if it erred at all, on the side of excessive boldness, if not rashness. Barely half the possible army was available. Stevenson was to have joined him in an attack on the following day. Wellesley, falsely informed of an imaginary retreat of the enemy, found himself unexpectedly in their presence. He had available only eight thousand men, of whom only fifteen hundred were British. He had but seventeen guns. The enemy had thirty thousand horsemen, one hundred and two guns

were in position, and their infantry numbered ten thousand. A fight of one to six is the kind of battle that a home-dwelling Englishman loves to hear of. It sounds as if it were a pure fight of pluck against numbers, but the man who has to consider the responsibilities of the commander cannot but look upon it as one that needs much investigation before it is justified, especially if the commander might have fought with much larger numbers on his own side. Happily Wellesley's conduct of Assye will bear that investigation.

The sudden resolution which he formed to attack without awaiting the arrival of Stevenson was based, first of all, on a calculation of moral forces. He knew the enormous advantage which the mere fact of his attacking would give to him against the Marhattas, both in lowering their confidence and in raising that of his own native troops. Moreover, he saw that the huge army before him had taken up its position in a kind of triangle or isthmus formed by the rivers Kaifna and Joee, the latter a mere nullah, and that the great mass of their infantry and guns were formed upon the bank of the Kaifna at a convenient distance from the point of junction of the streams. By passing, therefore, the nearer river at a ford he would be able to threaten the left flank of the enemy's infantry, and oblige them to change their position in order to face him, an operation likely to throw such troops into much confusion, and certain to exclude their enormous cavalry force from any participation in the action until the issue had been decided between the two infantries; for the enemy's line, when re-formed to meet him would extend completely across the bend of the two rivers, not more than a mile wide. Even when at length the cavalry were able to throw themselves into the fight, it would be on ground so restricted that their numbers would avail little, and the superior armament, courage, and manœuvring power of our own small force would probably insure them the victory. So the event proved. The

change of front of the Marhattas, when they found that Wellesley had turned their flank, was better executed than he had expected, but undoubtedly helped to shake them. Unfortunately, the general's intentions were not fully carried out. The village of Assye was held by strong bodies of infantry, and covered by many guns. As the village, in their new position, lay on the enemy's left, and it was quite possible for Wellesley's right to keep out of the range of their guns without losing connection with the remainder of their army, he had intended to keep back this portion of his force, whilst with his left and centre he broke the enemy's right, and rolled it up upon Assye and onwards into the nullah, thus placing the flying enemy between his troops and the formidable array of guns at Assye.

The pickets, which were on the right towards Assye, by mistake led direct upon the village, and the 74th on that side followed them, being almost annihilated by the overwhelming fire of the guns. The left and centre were completely successful, and, driving the enemy before them, ultimately captured Assye. Yet before this could happen, a considerable portion of the Marhatta horse, seeing the condition to which the 74th had been reduced, attempted to overwhelm them. A brilliant charge by our cavalry, under Colonel Maxwell of the 19th Dragoons, drove off and routed the Marhatta horse, and saved the remnants of the 74th. To a large extent Wellesley had relied on that very regiment as a reserve in case of accidents; and when the Marhatta gunners on the left, who had been passed as dead or wounded, sprang to their feet and fired into the backs of our men, he, as he says himself, was without a reserve. He had, however, re-formed some of the 78th, and himself led them forward with one regiment of native horse, clearing out these men. The victory was complete; but the cavalry, unavoidably used before they ought to have been, were, to Wellesley's great annoyance in no condition to pursue. Nevertheless, ninety-

eight guns were captured, and four more thrown into the river by the Marhattas. Except that the Marhatta cavalry, rather banditti than fighting force, were almost intact, the power of the chiefs was effectually shattered. So severe had been the losses of the victors from the tremendous artillery fire that, when at Argaum, Wellesley, two months later, on November 28, formed up for attack on a mixed body of Marhattas and "Arabs," covered by fifty guns, the Sepoys recoiled under the sudden burst of fire which was opened on them, affected, it is said, by the remembrance of the guns of Assye. Wellesley in person re-formed them. The "Arabs," or, as Wellesley calls them, "Persians," on this occasion advanced to meet our line and boldly attacked the 74th and 78th, being as a consequence almost destroyed. Then, after a failure of some of Scindiah's cavalry, the whole line gave way, and thirty-eight more guns were captured. On December 7th, following up this victory, Wellesley laid siege to Gawilghur, and on December 15th took it by storm. Till then the great Rajpoot fortress had been looked upon as impregnable. Beny Sing, who held it, was killed, and the terror inspired by these successes of the British arms led both Scindiah and the Rajah of Berar to sue for peace. A vigorous pursuit of marauders still holding out brought Wellesley's military service in India to a conclusion, and in 1805, after nearly nine years' active work, he returned to Europe.

In writing a study and sketch of Wellington's career in connection with such an anniversary as that of September 23, it seems fitting thus first to complete briefly the story of his doings in India, of which the battle of Assye was the most brilliant achievement, and then to consider how far his action in that battle represents a typical example of his greater work in after life, or how far it stands out in contrast with it. I am myself strongly disposed to think that at the time when Wellington prepared in the Peninsula the lines of Torres Vedras, and even during the

months when he remained patiently behind them, waiting for the slow but sure process which was causing Massena's great army to melt away in front of him, he would, had he been in India and confronted with the conditions with which he had to deal on September 23, 1803, have done precisely again what he then did. Not the man was changed, but the circumstances under which he had to act. I take that instance because I think that a cloudy impression of Wellington's career as not unlike that of Fabius Cunctator, who patiently waited while he allowed the enemy to make mistakes and give him his opportunity, has gathered, more perhaps in the mind of foreign critics than of our own, largely because of the marvellous success of the famous lines. Certainly it has not been dispersed by the tone of patriotic enthusiasm in which many popular writers pen their eulogies of him. American critics are now to no small extent reinforcing the not small number of able Continental scribes who complain that English writings about Wellington simply ignore facts, and will not face evidence, and that all that an English author has to do in order to insure a popular reception in England is to assume that Wellington never made a mistake, that he was an infallible paragon, and that it was a mere accident in his career that he did not at an earlier date than he did expose the hollowness of Napoleon's claim to be the master military genius of the age.

It is most unfair and most untrue as a charge against all our really abler writers. (No one who had served under so great and successful a soldier ever dealt with more unflinching hand with all the human lapses of his career than did Sir William Napier. No French student of war who in the least cared to face the truth had a more unstinting appreciation of Napoleon's genius than had the English historian of the Peninsular War.) Nor has that frank study of his real actions and of the man himself, which is alone honorable to one who has left such footsteps as Wellington has done on the sands of time, been

confined to one writer. Benjamin Shaw Kennedy, another of the ablest of his own generals, has frankly, and in some respects unanswerably, criticised certain of Wellington's actions, though no one of them had a higher and more really weighty appreciation of the greatness of the man with whom he dealt. Sir Edward Hamley, with his wonted courage, at a time when to do so was to face a perfect storm of obloquy in England, boldly discussed the plain facts of certain not to be defended decisions of our great leader. I hardly know any English soldier, who pretends to discuss such questions with any knowledge, who attempts to defend as an abstract decision Wellington's leaving eighteen thousand soldiers out of the fight at Waterloo. In fact, the tone usually adopted among us on that subject is what, as I submit to our most bitter foreign denouncers, is the only rational one, that the thing is in itself so palpably wrong, so certainly not to be taken as a precedent to guide future action, that, considering the undisputed greatness of the man, he cannot have made so very palpable a blunder without strong motives of some kind, which we do not now know, and can only guess. Many explanations are offered. None have been satisfactory. It is an insoluble problem for which we each have our own pet solution. Therefore, though I am quite ready to admit that there are a large number of the British public, and a large number of sycophants who write only to gain their applause, who retain in regard to the characters and genius of our heroes that feeling which made our ancestors lift them, like Nelson's statue on his monument, far above out of our sight, so that we can realize none of their features; yet I do not believe that that is the feeling of any one with whom it is worth while for any real student of history, foreign or English, to discuss facts. In the long run the judgment of one such not only will outweigh a whole theatre of others, but before many generations pass will carry that of the rest of the theatre with it.

That digression as to the only sense in which it is now worth while to study the career of Wellington seemed necessary, because it is at once easy and profitless to pile adjective on adjective in writing of one who has done for England such noble work as was done by Wellington. His achievements, their broad aspect, and the great results that were attained by them, speak for themselves. They need no commendation. What we do want is to get the man into that much more really honorable position in which our modern statues, such as those of Lawrence, of Gordon, and of Clyde, stand—where, no longer lifted out of our sight, their true proportions and their grand figures can be felt as inspiring examples by men of like passions as they were. I cannot help thinking that, though, if I may say it with all humility, I could have wished that Lord Roberts had been able to devote a little more time to working out the uncertain points in Wellington's career, and had not in some instances merely given his great name in support of certain popular superstitions which will not bear investigation; yet that he has done a great service in endeavoring to remove the mere picture of a full-grown good-conduct-prize schoolboy which has too long done duty as a popular representative of the strong, hard, shrewd, clear-headed, by no means very lovable Englishman of genius who ought as little as Cromwell to be painted without his warts, who had as a part of his very strength his weaknesses, and unless I altogether misread him, this among them that he would himself have been much less willing than Cromwell to insist on the painting of the warts.

During the last few weeks of the life of the second Duke of Wellington up to within a few days of his very sudden death, I, happening to be living in the neighborhood of Strathfieldsaye, spent almost every day and many hours in long talks, chiefly in the grounds of the park, with the duke. He, knowing that the one subject on which I wanted to talk was his father, most kindly indulged me by devoting his conversation

to him. I think I may say that it was a relief to him to do so. For the fact was that he was burdened by a sense of responsibility. He was full of stories and anecdotes of the great man whose heir he was. He had been continually pressed by many, by Lord Wolseley, and by me perhaps more than by any one else, to give to the world all that he could tell of his father. He could neither altogether make up his mind to go to his grave burying all record of the past, nor yet, as he appealed to me again and again to agree with him, could he feel that the stories of domestic life which he had to tell were altogether such as a son would willingly give to the world of a great father. In fact he felt, I think, that some day or other they ought to be known, but he wanted to leave to some one else the responsibility of telling them. In reality I do not think that they much alter one's impression of the man; but perhaps the fact that Dr. Gleig went to his grave knowing all such stories well, and never gave them forth, and that it is twelve years since I first heard them, and that, though often pressed to do so, I have never used the freedom which was entirely left to me in regard to them, will indicate that they have seemed to many out of tune with the sort of conception of the man which one knows to be popular, and half hesitates to disturb lest in dispersing the cloudy vision one should blur the true grandeur of the face. In fact they are all stories of a strong, hard man, harder on himself than on any one else, and, being chiefly of his later life, apply to a time when these characteristics had become set and rigid. Here, at all events, are a few specimens for good or evil.

During his campaigns the duke had acquired a peculiar habit in regard to sleep. No noise, not the discharge of the loudest cannonade or an explosion, would wake him; but the most delicate touch, even on his clothes, roused him instantly. When roused, there was no moment of semi-somnolence, of eye-rubbing, or blurred consciousness as to where he was or what had happened.

Out of the deepest sleep he was instantly in possession of all his faculties. Now, whether it was a determination not to yield to advancing years, or merely the habit of a lifetime, it would be difficult to say; but during all the time when he was living as a country gentleman at Strathfieldsaye, there was nothing that he resented so much as the attempt of any one in his household or out of it to do him any personal service. Numbers of the anecdotes turn on this peculiarity. He had had made for him a specially constructed tandem. It had two seats at the back, and was completely covered in, the whole front being of glass. The reins passed under the glass casing in front. In this way the duke himself drove two very fine horses. One day his second son, Lord Charles Wellesley, was sitting with him in this carriage. The duke, as in later life he often on various occasions did, fell fast asleep, still holding the reins. The spirited horses soon felt the loss of control. Before long Lord Charles, anxiously watching the situation, saw that in another moment the leader would dash up a steep bank, and that his father's life and his own would be in imminent danger. The risk was too great to run: though he knew his father too well not to be aware that any interference with him as the driver of the horses would be bitterly resented. As quietly as he could do so, he slipped his hand over the rein, drew down the leader from the bank, and saved them both from a catastrophe, anxiously endeavoring not to wake his father in doing so. It was useless, however. Light as his touch had been, the great duke was instantly awake, and fully alive to all that had happened. "What are you doing, Charles?" "I only turned off the leader, sir, from the bank. He was just running up it, and we should have been upset." "Mind your own business, Charles! mind your own business!" was all the thanks he ever received.

The same son, Lord Charles, had been on leave in either Spain or Italy. He had met with a series of accidents

on his return journey, had been in very serious danger, and, though he had made the utmost effort to do so, had failed to get back in time. His father asked for no explanation, and would hear none. He treated him as a convicted culprit, refused to have any intercourse with him, and in various ways made him feel his displeasure. One day a visitor to Strathfieldsaye drew out from Lord Charles an account of his journey. The duke listened, and when the story came to an end he went up to his son: "So, Charles, you met with an accident?" "Yes, father." "And you did all you could to be back in time?" "Yes, father." "Well, I'll give you a horse, Charles; I'll give you a horse." It was the only form in which he admitted the injustice of which he was clearly conscious. Another story to which the (second) duke gave something more of a significance than I care to attach to it has, I think, been told somewhere already. When the duke first came back to England from France and settled down in Apsley House, he was naturally immensely popular, and the London crowd, anxious to express their enthusiasm, used to delight in catching him walking through the streets. They would promptly hoist him on their shoulders and ask, "Where shall we carry you, your Grace?" Now, it not unfrequently happened that it would have been highly inconvenient for the duke to be escorted to the house, to which he was intending to go, by a vast public procession. Accordingly, unable to escape from his too-appreciative tormentors, and unwilling to declare where he was going, or to be thus carried thither, the duke almost always cried out, "Carry me home! Carry me home!" So that the effect of his popularity was to make his attempts to walk out for any visit of his own almost impossible, and he had either to ride or drive in order to reach his destination.

I must, however, check the flow of these stories—all, I think, in their several ways significant—in order to look back to my starting point; and from Assye through Torres Vedras and the

Peninsula through Waterloo to the man of these later years.

There used to be in Warwick Castle before the fire, and, as I did not hear of their destruction at the time, I hope there are still, two portraits of Stratford—one as quite a young man, one as a mature statesman. Both are, I think, by Vandyke. In any case, both of them are manifestly masterpieces. They always seemed to me to be full of the biography of the man, better, indeed, than any biography we have ever had of him. To me, however, they have always been much more, namely—to a great extent lessons in biography. The man in both is the same, and yet how different! One could almost write a volume on the story they tell. Now, as it seems to me, one wants in regard to Wellington to get such veracious portraits of the man at different periods—the man of Assye, the man of Torres Vedras, the man of Waterloo, the man of the House of Lords, Strathfieldsaye, and Apsley House. Assye was, if ever there was one, a sudden stroke of genius. I defy any one really to make a study of Wellington's letters, numerous as they are about it, and not to see that every point in the situation was grasped by him as he stood on the heights that overlooked the Delta in which lay the Marhatta army below him. He knew perfectly the apparently overwhelming odds against him. He saw how he could make the one arm, his infantry, in which he was in fighting power certainly superior to the enemy, crush the enemy's infantry and artillery without any support from the numerically overwhelming mass of horsemen, and that their victory would be decisive. He knew that, as a question of abstract strategy, he ought to have had the aid of Stevenson's division before bringing on the decisive issue. But he knew also that to wait meant falling back on his camp and the letting loose, for only too effective purpose, of those thirty thousand horsemen from where they were penned up useless and a certain prey to his own admirable little force of effective cavalry.

Thanks to that misunderstanding of his orders, which is typical of what takes place in almost every battle, sometimes with dire effects, sometimes without them, he suffered more than he had expected from the terrible fire of the hundred guns; and feeling their influence afterwards at Argaum, he, in a letter which gives one pause, writes to Stevenson to warn him cautiously to avoid the Marhattsas if he finds them strong in guns. I feel certain that if he had had to do so he would have fought Assye over again; but the fact remains that he warned Stevenson virtually not to fight an Assye. In any case, as a question of military character, a more prompt and brilliant decision was never formed than the order for attack. There is only one other incident quite like it in his whole career—the order which at Salamanca destroyed the left wing of the French army, and decided, almost at a stroke, the fate of Marmont. Still, there are many other instances in the Peninsular war which show the promptitude with which he seized an opportunity presented to him—Rolica and Vimiero, for instance, Busaco, and the series of operations against Soult, which are usually comprised under the title of the passage of the Douro.

It always seems to me that the comparison which is often made between Wellington's strategy and Napoleon's is a very irrelevant one. For such strategy as Napoleon displayed in the campaigns in Italy or in France, or even in the campaigns of 1805 or 1809 in Germany, there was no opportunity in the Peninsula. Napoleon himself, in his scheme for the conquest of the Peninsula, attempted no similar combinations, and I have sometimes thought that, though it is, of course, easy to account for it in other ways, Napoleon's neglect to comply with the reiterated requests which were made to him himself to take in hand the conduct of the war there, may at least partly have been induced by a consciousness that it was not a country where he could produce the magnificent effects with which it was neces-

sary for him, in order to preserve his ascendancy, to dazzle the eyes of men. A mountain region like the borderland of Italy, giving access to fertile plains, or the rivers and forests of France and Germany in wealthy districts present very different conditions from a country where, as Wellington writes, even of the time when he was in the capital, "I could not find means of moving even one gun from Madrid." In a country where he had to pay for everything, he was, till the last year of the war, kept in such a condition by the government that, after Salamanca and when he had temporarily seized Madrid, he writes, "We are absolutely bankrupt." "The troops are now five months in arrears instead of being one month in advance. The staff have not been paid since February; the muleteers not since June, 1811, and we are in debt in all parts of the country." Under such circumstances rapid movements such as Napoleon carried out with all the resources of France at his back, and on the principle of making the war support war, were not open to Wellington at all. His movements, despite the difficulty of the country, were rapid enough during the great campaign of Vittoria, when the ministry at home had at last been aroused to supply him with adequate resources. Moreover, in that campaign the skill of his strategy was as conspicuous as the success of his tactics; his very arrival on the left bank of the Ebro was a surprise; his transference of base to the Bay of Biscay was a pure stroke, and a most decisive one, of strategy. The movements of armies cannot be judged by placing pins on a map, but are questions of money and transport and supply. So far, therefore, as there is any change observable between the bold decision of Assye and the "caution" of Wellington's Peninsular policy, it seems to me a simple adaptation of means to the particular end in hand. Moreover, the broad scheme of the war which gradually made sections of the country impossible to the French, though very unlike in its character to the strategy of Marengo, of the Aus-

terlitz campaign, or of the campaigns in France, was splendid in its conception and execution.

The lines of Torres Vedras and the desolation of Portugal made that country impossible for the French. The seizure of Badajos and Ciudad Rodrigo made the invasion of Spain possible. The consequences of the Salamanca campaign relieved the south of Spain of the French. Vittoria swept them out of the Peninsula. If caution, leading to slowness of decision, somewhat carried to excess appears anywhere, surely it is in the Waterloo campaign. What wonder? To come into collision for the first time with a man with such a career as that of Napoleon behind him was likely to make any man cautious, no matter what confidence he had in himself. To face Napoleon, not with his old Peninsular army, but with a motley host of Dutch, Belgians, militiamen, and a mere sprinkling of solid English troops, held together by a scratch staff forced on him, despite all his remonstrances, by people of whom I never can think without getting too angry to dare to express myself, surely under such circumstances the feeling, "I shall beat him if I don't make some mistake," was a most natural one.

To turn a hurried glance to other features of his character, it always seems to me that the disorders of the retreat from Burgos, and the famous circular letter dated Frenada, November 28, 1812, in which he frankly scolded the whole army for them, made a complete change in his feelings towards the men who had fought under him, and in theirs to him. Even Maxwell, his devoted and enthusiastic biographer, is obliged to admit that, as addressed to the whole army, it was thoroughly unjust. It did the worst thing that reproof addressed to the correction of abuses can do. It made no distinction between the real offenders and those corps which had, as some undoubtedly had done, preserved their discipline when others had lost theirs. Now, seeing that it is a much severer trial of a man to be "faithful among the faithless found" than to be so when all are

doing their duty, this was doubly injurious to discipline. It screened the offenders, and it censured the men who had proved that they could be thoroughly depended on. The army, as a whole, never forgave him, absolutely as they trusted him as a leader. The genial words which at a later time another could so easily have said to the particular corps to whom he had been unjust, words which would in a moment have wiped out the remembrance of the wrong, were as impossible to him as it would have been to him to have said to Lord Charles, "I am sorry I did not understand earlier the reason of your being late." And yet, even when, in 1808, he commanded in Portugal, he could take pride and pleasure when writing to Major Barclay in saying, "As usual, I had an unanimous army, who would have undertaken anything for me; and I took care that the troops should be well provided with everything they wanted." I believe that the relations represented by that letter existed absolutely throughout his Indian career, and were not changed in any respect till that fatal November 28, 1812, subsequently to which and practically as a consequence of the exposures of the retreat from Burgos, he created that army which "could go anywhere and do anything," but one which never had with him the sympathy of those earlier campaigners under him. When, on his return to England, he almost kicked off his connection with the army as with a worn-out shoe that had done its work, no doubt the influences upon him were mixed. He had an unrivalled position in society, one which, at least till the Reform Bill began to loom in the distance, was of supreme influence both in the country and in the House of Lords. Many of the statesmen with whom he associated were suspicious of a soldier as such, and the less he appeared to bind himself up with the army, the more easy was it for him to take the high offices which almost inevitably, despite the suspicions of many of his colleagues, opened to him.

He had been in the Irish Office even before he had seen fighting, and had

associated on intimate terms all his life with leading statesmen. His military career was obviously over; the largest career which opened before him was that of statesmanship. The habits of hard, businesslike work which he had acquired in the field made an active career necessary to him. He was still young—only forty-six when Waterloo was fought. Probably the extent to which he threw himself into society, and preferred to be known as a man of fashion rather than as a soldier, was at first simply due to yielding to the attractions of a life which had been always familiar and pleasant to him, all the more attractive because of long years of campaigning. Nevertheless, I feel tolerably sure that the cause which made him cut himself off from all association with his old comrades in arms, so that hardly any of them were ever to be seen at Strathfieldsaye, was something more than this. In the first place, though his culture was of a certain special kind, the wide-minded view of a man who had all his life been dealing with large questions both of politics and business, and did not represent much knowledge of the thought of mankind in other branches of life, it gave him an interest in subjects about which most of his brother officers cared very little and knew less. In the second place, when once the relations between him and his army, which began in 1812, and must have been increased by his undoubtedly just but most unpopular denunciations of the army which had won Waterloo for him, had been established, he was, as the stories of his relations with his own sons show clearly enough, not the man to take one step to clear them. But when one begins to try to produce a reasonable portrait of that massive face, and to sketch, not in the colorless white in which it is ordinarily presented to us, but with the light and shade that bring out its strong features, one needs not an article, but a volume. If, in trying to carry out the suggestion made to me that I should take "Assye" as the starting-point of a paper on Wellington for the September number of this mag-

azine, I have been able to suggest that there are many parts of the character which deserve to be brought out in order that one of our greatest generals may be known, I have done all that I can hope to do here.

F. MAURICE.

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From The Nineteenth Century.  
AT SEA.

L

Dr. Johnson is reported to have said that being in a ship was like being in a gaol, with the chance of being drowned; and without doubt one's "cabined, cribbed, confined" position, even on the largest modern steamers, is a prison; but with regard to "the chance of being drowned," I was assured that on board one of the great transatlantic liners was about the safest place in the world. In spite of all assurances, however, I am inclined to think that it is generally, if not in reality, at least in feeling and conjecture, rather a pitch-and-toss affair! In mid-ocean, on a precipitous and moving island, in a state of constant warfare with the most powerful elements of nature; now rocked from side to side by the enormous heaves of the ocean swell, and now breathlessly buffeting the thunderous beats of wave and wind, we must feel, even under the most favorable circumstances, that we are tiding over a time of considerable danger and risk. And accordingly, with or without good cause, I certainly found that an atmosphere of very great timidity and precaution permeated the whole ship.

We see, also, that we are weathering the rough assaults of forces which, though equally inimical to all, are yet not such as are best confronted, in case of a mishap, by a united struggle, but that, on the contrary, so strong and merciless are they, that the only way of escaping from their sweeping and wholesale devastation is by single, selfish efforts—*saute qui peut*. For we know that collective salvation will not then be the belief or order of the day.

but that the survivors will be few and far between. It is true that in the mean time we are all in the same boat; but similarity of situation does not in these particular surroundings encourage much sympathy or friendliness, but tends rather to rouse special feelings of rivalry and hostility. We are therefore strangely on the defensive in our conduct and relations to one another. In fact, it is really quite ludicrous to see how careful and suspicious we become. We are on our guard from every quarter, north, south, east, and west; for, like weathercocks, we know not whence an ill wind may come blowing nobody any good. Every person and thing seems labelled "Dangerous," for does not each represent a possible collision and upset, or at least unpleasant disturbance? A touch, a word, a look may do it. One fears lest any injudicious remark or rash act should disarrange our machinery or that of the vessel, and perhaps spring a leak somewhere. Like the notable pots that were fellow-travellers down a stream, it is all right so long only as we take care not to crack one another. So we move gingerly; we look askance; we speak disjointedly. Our sounds are signals; our movements balances; our seats anchorages. Nobody is at their ease. Everything is angular and awkward, and liable to fall or slide at any moment. It is a shaky experience, where there is truly many a slip 'twixt the cup and the lip. It is a world out of plumb, where levels are constantly varying and lines crossing. We are, in fact, the whole time perilously bordering on an upside-down state of affairs.

Every one therefore takes up a position of stern personal vigilance and reserve, and each passenger is as isolated on board the ship as the ship herself is on the ocean. They look like mere colorless bundles of human ballast. Their expressions are as blank as mummies, and their manners as frigid and congealed as the frozen mutton below. Not a pore is open that can be shut. Weather-proof and water-tight, all their desires and interests are self-centred. Egoism reigns supreme. Dante's Inferno, is not more individual. Thus the

boat is peopled with little human skiffs, separated and estranged from one another through this strong sense of the general risk and jeopardy of the situation and of the imminent possibility of rivalry and antagonism and thus, in coats of mail, as it were, we breast the dangers of the voyage, and such are the prevailing influences that regulate our conduct and sentiments; and of some such sort, also, is man, I fear, when placed between the devil and the deep sea. The truth is, we are only too thankful to be thus left high and dry both by the receding waves and our retiring companions, and would in neither case invite more intimate relations.

This nervous spirit dominating everything, and our defensive, unfriendly appearance and bearing to one another, are not attractive. In fact, on board a ship is not for many reasons a sociable place, and most travellers are very near land again before they consent to become even nodding acquaintances. Such close quarters—on deck and at table, sharing state-rooms and sitting-rooms—seem to enforce a companionship that most people dislike and resent; and so, if only for this reason, we are as cool and distant in manner as is possible under the pressing circumstances, until we have had time to recover from the shock of this inevitable and ubiquitous proximity. Nor is this climatic pillory a becoming place to the physical or even sartorial sides of our being. Saturated on deck with the salt sweat of the brine and unstinted fresh air, or pent up in air-tight holes for hours, or perhaps days, our physical appearance is in neither case shown off to advantage, while the costumes worn, especially the ladies' marine garments, look extremely ugly. So we are not, or rather we are, taken altogether, a pretty kettle of fish. Indeed, a collection of passengers at sea is uncommonly like a great cargo of human rubbish gathered from all parts of the globe, and heaped together in one discordant pile for the purpose of being carted out into mid-ocean and there ignominiously consigned to the waves and deeps of oblivion. If, however, it should luckily

escape this appropriate and timely end, and, thus as it were relieved, should reach in safety a landing-stage, there is some justification for this merciful prolongation of life in the remarkable transformation scene that takes place when the happy hour of release approaches. Grace and chivalry once more relate the sexes; there is an extraordinary change for the better in their physical appearance; color and expression again declare themselves, and hair falls into place and shape, while their figures and limbs seem actually to take a new shape as they stand once more on steady ground, and, with autochthonic pride, tread in the well-worn footsteps; and clothes become again decorative.

Verily, to disembark is to escape as from a gaol, and the minute the "unplumbed, salt, estranging" gulf that separates us from home and hearth is bridged by the gangway, pushing forward, bag and baggage, we hasten across to coveted freedom and exercise of mind and body, to roam and to stretch to our heart's content after our long, cramped confinement. Without delay we settle down in the soft lap of luxurious earth, and, shaking the spray off the hem of our garments, we would, in our great joy and delight, like dogs, like donkeys, like anything, roll and roll in the dust and the grass. For physical and moral, as well as aesthetic reasons, a landscape is a necessary background to human figure.

## II.

Any one who has ever been on a long sea voyage knows its little excitements and diversifications—the reading of the log-book, which is the daily newspaper, the standard concert, the drawing of sweep-stakes, etc. It is not lively. There is nothing entertaining or dramatic in a sponge-bag, and suchlike is our *milieu* for the time being. But any life and fun there was seemed to me to be among the steerage passengers. There humor and pathos, love and laughter, accidents and tragedies might be seen. But, curiously enough, a great part of their time was passed in religious exercises, singing and preaching

and praying. Some were apprehensive and earnest, some were content to do at Rome as Rome does, and some evidently found it an amusing pastime. One young man, with a damsel on each arm, and followed by a procession, paraded about singing snatches of hymns in a very convivialist, if not revivalist, fashion. But beyond such mild efforts the voyage was quite uneventful. We saw no sea-serpents. Nobody fell overboard. There were no deaths, nor were there any births, as there often are, and, though there may have been some betrothals unknown to me, there were no marriages.

I am not an ancient mariner. This was, in fact, my first really outlandish expedition, and I must say I found it gratified, with one exception, none of the ordinary pleasures and tastes of life. For even the best ship can hardly be said to be a cosy or comfortable place. Like some huge lavatory, there is everywhere a cold, petrified aspect, and I thought one's narrow berth preferable only to the rather too wide bed of the ocean outside. Then the food tastes insipid and artificial. Meat kept in ice seems as though it had been washed and rinsed till all the essence was gone, while, strange to relate, fish at sea are not as good as coals at Newcastle. There is no delicious flavor of clay in the vegetables, and the water one drinks has come from no fresh mountain spring. But it is the paradise of the idle and lazy. On the sea one has no use for feet at all, since the ship does all the motion, although she even, as in the Irish song, "walks through the water without any feet." One cannot stand, or walk, or run except on a few short planks. The unwebbed toes and unfledged arms of the human kind are useless and out of place. Man is an exotic on the water. He is most distinctly out of his element. He is, in fact, every bit as bad as a fish out of water. Only a Dagon, with fishy tail, could possibly enjoy himself. There is, therefore, nowhere to go, nor is there anything to do. One does not read or write much, and people are not even conversational at sea, and any talk there may be is but far-fetched reminiscences of the distant

land and its faded interests. Nor can one even think. This vast void of wind and water takes one's very breath away, suffocating both mind and body. Man's physical properties and cares, at all times a danger to his soul, are ruinous to it at sea. In fact, it is quite awful to contemplate how sterile and dull we should become if long at sea. The infinite volume of the ocean would, I fear, mentally drown us. Such interminableness and monotony do not conduce to intellectual fruition. Eternity is, I suspect, thoughtless. Philosophy in the clouds is only true very metaphorically, for I believe no system of thought will ever be worked out in a ship or a balloon. After all, it is in the study, or at least in the fields, that the brain of man is at home. But voyaging in this boundless space, where clouds only are formed and rain made, there is nothing to catch the wandering eye or fix and occupy the vacant mind. There are no objects, no distinctions, no limits, no standards, no contrasts. To select or discriminate is impossible. Who knows one wave from another? We are swimming in a basin of liquid, and the solids of life, so to speak, have been left behind. It is a soupy, sloppy fare, tasteless and unpalatable to the mental appetite.

Thus, sundered from the body of life, we reel and we roll and we gasp, and flounder hopelessly in our efforts to find bottom. Like Archimedes, one is sadly in want of room to stand on in order to set to work. For at sea there is no *locus standi*. Man is in every way out of his depths. His calculations are unsound; his views undefined; his reflections unfathomable. The products of the mind are as unstable and fruitless as the bubbles rising and bursting in the surf. Neither can escape into separate existence. A mental vacancy seems, indeed, to pervade the whole of this watery realm of fish, of whom the complaint has been made that it is impossible to obtain from them a single instructive look or sound. A spiritual chill possesses us in their domain as though we also were cold-blooded animals. We, too, became deaf

and dumb in this voiceless world; for, as you know, "the things that live in the sea are all mute." Our thoughts and feelings lie dormant. It is a hibernating season, as it were. A low-lying stagnancy oppresses us, and we succumb to the degraded level of jelly-fish. And how abhorrent is this negative existence to the soul and consciousness of man, who, in order to thrive, must like a flower of the field, be planted and rooted! For he cannot live and bear fruit while drifting, like some plants of seaweed whose roots even float upon the surface of the sea. He cannot, like the halcyon, build his nest on the water. He is rather a bird of passage, who finds here no home or resting-place.

It is a precarious existence too—just keeping our heads above water. For we are but puppets, bobbing for very life in the storm and stress of the ocean, on the secret brow of which, even when at rest, dreaded doom treacherously broods. Even the smooth desert of the ocean is too ominous of the calm that precedes a storm to be called a peace. The sleep of the sea is that of a sleeping dog. Tragic uncertainty, in its most unrelenting form, reigns throughout these unfamiliar regions. So we are all fatalists on the ocean, just as those who live on its shore always are, and mere human character and will are completely submerged in the mysterious depths of destiny and chance. Man is, in fact, no longer a free agent in mind or body, but the victim of strange, unearthly powers.

And how impersonal we must and do become! Dipped, as it were, in the waters of Lethe, we have shaken off all manners, morals, and customs, as antediluvian remnants of some now remote order of things. All old associations, local, national, legal, of birth, name, home, class, country, of kinship and friendship, evaporate in this realm of nothingness. Variations of age, sex, character, of religion, habits, pursuits, have no room or opportunity for display. Passion and purpose have no vent and become obsolete.

Wiped off the face of the earth, we are lost in the splash and the mist.

How wanting, too, in local color it all

is! For on the ocean there is none of the music and beauty of the sea. It is on the shore that the sea breaks into resounding speech and song. There, among the shells and pebbles on the beach, she finds her human voice. But in mid-ocean there is no tide or current of any sort. No ebb and flow is perceptible there. It is an unvaried scene without feature or expression. It has everywhere a tiresome, oblivious aspect.

O this great, unimpressible power! What can I hope to do or see here, when even the hand of the Creator is not visible or present? For is not this the material, "without form and void," which the Divine Sculptor left untouched on the day in that memorable week when he made "the dry land appear"? It may be difficult to see the trees for the wood, but who can see anything for the overwhelming ocean? or can we even see it? We have heard that Cortez stared at the Pacific, but we have wondered how he managed to do it, and agree rather with Charles Lamb, who complained that he had never seen the ocean, but only an insignificant bit of it. The very progress of the ship through its multitudinous waves is impossible to detect and is hard to believe in, and at the journey's end the land comes as a surprise, and I, for my part, should not have been much astonished if we had never reached our destination. For, in this world of motion without change, there are no landmarks or signposts, to say nothing of milestones, and so I could see we were moving round and round in a circle, which but for the compass—the sailor's cross of salvation—we might, I suppose, still be doing.

Thoreau found it employment enough to watch the progress of the seasons at Walden, but he would have been idle at sea; for, unlike nature elsewhere, the ocean has no seasons, no spring, no summer, autumn, or winter; no fresh life and growth, no new scents, no birth or death. It has been well called evergreen. Snow even does not cover or affect it; while after rain the ship seemed the only wet place. Nor can time imprint any tale or tidings on its fluctuating surface. The past leaves no

traces. History can find no records. Unlike crumbling ruins, wrecks are quickly swallowed up, and all vestiges obliterated. The ocean has no memory. The fields of Marathon and Waterloo outlive Salamis and Trafalgar. All experiences are buried too deep for even the most adventurous and searching diver or wet-as-weed antiquarian. For who has seen the "untrampled floor" of the sea? Who can sound the bottom of the ocean, *au fond*? Unless, perhaps, the poet, thus:—

Methought I saw a thousand fearful wrecks;  
A thousand men that fishes gnaw'd upon;  
Wedges of gold, great anchors, heaps of pearl,  
Inestimable stones, unvalued jewels,  
All scatter'd in the bottom of the sea.  
Some lay in dead men's skulls; and in those holes  
Where eyes did once inhabit, there were crept,  
As 'twere in scorn of eyes, reflecting gems,  
That woo'd the slimy bottom of the deep,  
And mock'd the dead bones that lay scatter'd by.

Or, more naturally, thus:—

The world below the brine,  
Forests at the bottom of the sea, the branches and leaves,  
Sea-lettuce, vast lichens, strange flowers and seeds, the thick tangle, openings, and pink turf,  
Different colors, pale grey and green, purple, white, and gold, the play of light through the water;  
Dumb swimmers there among the rocks, coral, gluten, grass, rushes, and the aliment of the swimmers;  
Sluggish existences grazing there suspended, or slowly crawling close to the bottom;  
The sperm-whale at the surface blowing air and spray, or disporting with his flukes;  
The leaden-eyed shark, the walrus, the turtle, the hairy sea-leopard, and the sting-ray;  
Passions there, wars, pursuits, tribes, sight in those ocean-depths, breathing that thick-breathing air, as so many do.  
The change thence to the sight here, and to the subtle air breathed by beings like us who walk this sphere;

The change onward from ours to that of beings who walk other spheres.

But to return to us poor mortals on its surface. Sea and sky everywhere. Billows and breezes above and below. One wash of blue and grey. It is truly a vain and vague existence, floating in this nebulous world of froth and vapor. Within such fluid and aerial envelopments we can well realize how all nature is indeed one and the same, how ether is perhaps a more rarefied form of matter, permeating even the solid structure of crystals, and matter a more compressed form of ether, or both but forms of energy, since all things then seem very cognate and interchangeable. In a long-continued storm, are not the limit and distinction between sea and air said to become completely annihilated, "the heaven all spray and the ocean all cloud"? But although there may be this natural kinship, there are no feelings of human familiarity or homeliness in the scene, for the sea and sky are most distant and foreign to our physical organism. Man may have been a mere animal at one time of his development, but, as far as I can, by hints and possible inclinations in myself, revive his earliest aboriginal habits and instincts, he was never either fish or fowl, although, of course, scientists tell us there was at one time nothing but water-life in the world, and that land animals are late inventions, and point to the snail wandering over the earth with his sea-shell still on his back, and will also explain to us how the worm crept up a tree and had to grow wings in order to get down again. But all this, if ever, was a long time ago, and I, for my part, found this atmosphere of wind and wave so strange and uncongenial that I doubt very much if my ancestors were at any stage of their gradual evolution able to swim or to fly, though I believe they may once have been able to crawl and climb. It seems, indeed, clear to me that we human beings are essentially land-lubbers, and that we must, like leeches, stick to earth for our very life-blood. Is it not actually true that when life begins to fail our senses swim and our wits vanish into the air?

Is not death an inundation, as it were, a sort of unpleasant drunkenness, by which the equipoise that sustains life is upset.

And, in this rapid sphere of water and air, how ardently one longs for a good handful of dry brown clay! How one's feet itch for the sure touch of soil! How divine earth now seems! On the dead, barren boards of the deck one thinks of her as teeming and sprouting with luxuriant life. A particle of dust even is now a sacred and treasured relic of past terrestrial bliss, and as for a blade of grass or a sprig of green foliage, they would be as manna from heaven to one's famished senses and orphaned soul. Verily, earth is our mother. Amid these aquatic surroundings, hemmed in by the ocean on both sides, I confess I found myself to be a gross, unabashed materialist, and ardently wished to be, as they say, "immersed in matter."

And how deeply pathetic it was to watch the antics of her exiled children as, by diligent pacing up and down the deck and stamping on the boards, they vainly endeavored to recall the solid joys of *terra firma* and the voluptuous delights of a long, unbroken walk! For no amount of tramping will draw from the hard, cold, close-shaven, and well-scrubbed boards of a ship's deck a vestige of earth's soft touch and fond, caressing warmth—what the poet means when he says:—

The press of my foot to the earth springs  
a hundred affections,

and the futile attempt to do so only reminded me of a tame sparrow I once saw that used to flap its wings and try to douse itself in the polished, glossy surface of a mahogany table.

Thus cooped up like hens in the middle of a great pool, the time passes away in slumberous vacuity, much feeding and roosting, and a certain amount of discontented croaking and picking.

### III.

But there were times in this rather squalid life when the soul could emerge and rise to the purest exaltation; rare

moments when the true purposes of life become evident and conscious realities, and the soul, touched with emotion, breathes eternal loyalty to its high possibilities; hours, by day, spent in sea-dreaming, and by night in star-gazing; calm days, when all above is a dome of light and the waters around one smooth, resplendent flood; clear nights, when the sea "bares her bosom to the moon," whose bright shadow, soft and evanescent like a golden rainbow, lights and adorns her deep, dark rest; stirring, dashing times, when the width and freedom and wildness of the scene are most exhilarating to the rebellious spirit in one; fickle moods, when the perpetual motion of this fleeting world delight one; lovely, chaste mornings, when the electric purity and freshness of the sea and air enchant one; gorgeous, fiery evenings, when the blaze of the setting sun and the glow of the spreading ocean vie with each other in surpassing magnificence and glory. And how often—drifting between two oceans, one infinite arching overhead, and one fathomless sweeping underneath, the vast space of the sky with its countless stars above, and the unknown depths of the sea with its myriad waves below, alone, in the solemn stillness of "the huge and thoughtful night" and bathed in the eternal mystery of life and death—would I wistfully look up at the deep vault of the veiled heavens and then searchingly peer down into the dark hollow of the hidden waters! •

Stars silent rest o'er us.  
Graves under us silent.

It was strange and startling indeed to think of "this fragment of a world hastening to rejoin the great mass of existence," of this little oasis of life and humanity in the wide wilderness of the desert-ocean. For I found the Atlantic very uninhabited, except by fish, and they were mostly beneath one's notice. We seldom sighted a passing ship and only occasionally saw "the backs of plunging dolphins" or the "foam-fountains" of the "sea-shouldering" whale. Birds only were our almost constant attendants. But I must not forget to mention how one beautiful, clear after-

noon four magnificent icebergs "mast-high, came floating by." We were very fortunate in meeting them, as some passengers on board had crossed thirty times without ever having seen one. Their dazzling lustre in the bright sunshine, glowingly reflected in the watery mirror around, was superb. As the ship passed close by them one after the other in procession, they seemed to me like great ocean swans that had strayed from their northern nests and were now aimlessly swimming about this shoreless pond in search of rest, some with their stately necks reared high above the luminous water in crystal glory, some with their heads gracefully buried, in Arctic repose, in the fluffy, snow-white plumage of their softly folded wings. And as the sun's rays fell on them and the sea breezes blew around them, they sparkled all over in shimmering sprays of silvery radiance, their feathers of frost and foam were gently ruffled, and the sheen of the encircling blue broke against their emerald-hued sides into rippling waves of motion and light—one star-quivering, sun-flashing, sea-glittering scene of glacial splendor. Or, again, as we got farther from them, I fancied them to be the loveliest of sea-lilies, cruelly torn from their white bed in the north and wafted down the world's great Gulf Stream, and, as they listlessly floated towards warmer climes, little by little fading and melting away into its absorbing depths, pure water-blossoms, dissolving pearls of snow.

These ocean phantoms looked so peaceful and innocent that it was difficult to regard them as one of the greatest dangers of the voyage, which in foggy weather they are, though there is, I believe, some slight chance of seeing them. In time owing to their brilliant whiteness and towering size. Apart, however, from the mere danger, I am glad that we met them in full daylight and escaped a collision, since in such a catastrophe, though doubtless the unholy part of my nature would have been inclined to curse this "harmless albatross," all my poetic and spiritual sympathies would have been on the side of so fair and fascinating an opponent.

For, in spite of the ship's orthodox gender, I imagined her to be a mighty, screw-driving, smoke belching, black-smithy Vulcan—I had but lately been over her hot interior, inspecting the furnaces and many gigantic instruments of force that propel her—with club-footed blades forging his iron way and will in a brutal attempt to assault the cool, fresh, morning purity of a spotless goddess, born of the sea. Certainly, as these icebergs, aurora-like, tremulous, and delicate, calmly glided along, our noise and motion, as, leviathan-like, with smoking nostrils and burning eyeballs, we ploughed and splashed by, seemed rude, indecent, and unpardonable.

We did not catch sight of another danger, "derelicts." I regret this, as I should have much liked to have seen a great naked-ribbed vessel, adrift and unmanned and deserted by every living creature—its skeleton hulk still lying unburied on this fluid field of seafaring and storm-fighting.

But we did have a view of, in my opinion, the greatest "derelict" of all between this and America. For I shall not soon forget how, as the first morning broke after leaving Liverpool, we found ourselves anchored in the beautiful harbor of Queenstown, with its picturesquely situated cathedral on the brow of the sloping declivity on which the little town is built. This lovely glimpse of my native land was especially dear and touching to me, since, meeting her thus out at sea, it seemed as though she had come out a part of the way on purpose to see me off and bid me a "God-speed" on my journey; and well might we have said when, with the hearty good wishes of the natives, we started on our voyage across the ocean.

The ship was cheered, the harbor cleared.

Merrily did we drop

Below the kirk, below the hill,

Below the lighthouse top.

And long shall I remember also, as with lingering regret we slowly receded, gazing back through the whole of that afternoon at the dim, distant tinge of the land's edge, and how, as I thought

of the Old World we were leaving behind and of the New World we were hurrying to, it seemed to me like the faint thin outline of an old moon, pale, and indistinct, yet clearly visible; and so it remained in my eyes, even after, continuing our globular course, we had come round on the first crescent of the rich new moon.

MARTIN MORRIS.

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From Blackwood's Magazine.

THE PASSION PLAY AT SELZACH.

I was leaning on the stout wooden rail that forms the bulwark of the kind of gravelled quarter-deck terrace on which stands the Weissenstein Kurhaus—the old hostel that was built by the commune of Soleure in the year of the battle of Waterloo,—and was wondering at the marvellous view of the plain that stretched into a purple distance at my feet. From this height of four thousand two hundred and fifty feet above sea-level the air was chill, for the sun had just set. But if the cold had been arctic, one could not have taken one's eyes away from that seemingly unsubstantial rosy cloud that lay high up in heaven above the evening mists; for that cloud was in reality nothing but the snow-clad company of giant watchers for the dawn that stretch from Sentis in the far south-east to Mont Blanc in the extreme south-west. As one gazed upon the rosy moveless cloud, one was able to recognize in its ridged and wavy outline mountain-peaks long familiar at nearer view, but from the distance how changed! The three-peaked Wetterhorn, the sharp-toothed Finsteraarhorn, the Schreckhorn, the Blumlis mass, the glorious Altels, the long-ridged Wild-Strubel, and the domed Mont Blanc glowed and flushed and faded, and flushed again. Then the grey night seemed to weave a veil between us and the distant peaks, and our eyes travelled back over that limitless plain of towns and towers, and forests and fields, with here a snowy

wreath of vapor, there a glinting and a glimmer in the grey expanse, to tell us of some rivers rolling through the midst, back to the wonderful silver serpent coiling from the far west to the far east at our feet, on by the purple town of old Soleure, that now began to twinkle into stars.

There is nothing more beautiful, at the closing of the day, from this high mountain seat, than the way in which, as twilight steals upon the mighty plain, the lamps of the distant towns and villages, "like fireflies tangled in a silver braid," suddenly jewel the twilight. As I looked far down the woody precipices upon the Oberdorf and Langendorf villages, my eyes caught a long, white, ghostly-looking road, straight as an arrow, that glimmered in parallel with the main course of the river Aare, on past a forest dark as death, to a little cluster of these newcome fireflies. "What are those village lights?" I said.

"Those are the lamps at Selzach; they will be hung there to-night, because tomorrow is to be the third performance of the second year's enacting of the village *Passion Play*," said a voice beside me. "It will be worth going down to see; for though it looks far, one can walk it in an hour and a half, and you will not be disappointed. The day begins with a special service in the village church at eight o'clock, but the performance does not commence till eleven. As a friend of the chief promoter, Herr Schöffli, I have promised to be present; will you bear me company? I can telephone for a ticket early in the morning, and for a place at the luncheon-table in the La Croix Hotel opposite. The new play-house seats twelve hundred people, but it may be crowded, and since an interval of one hour and a half is allowed for rest and luncheon we shall start for our six miles' walk early. You had better not be above such simple fare as the village Inn can give you."

I assented, and on the morrow at 8.30 dropped down through the long incline of beech woods to Nesselboden; saw the white cliffs—whence Weissenstein takes its name—shine out among its fir-trees

overhead; down through meadows golden with yellow gentian; by roadside banks filled with the flax-leaved harebell or many-flowered campanula, and delicious with wild strawberry; on through woods purple with columbine; by a stream that chattered at our side; down the hot gorge to the white shining road beneath that led us to the village of Oberdorf—Oberdorf, with its giant barns, its vine-trellises, its fragrant walnut-trees.

Close by the church, whose black tower-lantern may be seen afar, and whose churchyard cross of limestone gleams whitely in the sunshine, we turned westward and began a delightful walk over the richest plain of corn and fruit it has been my lot to see since the days when I passed through just such corn-patches and flowers in the valley of the Nile. It seemed as if no inch of that vast patchwork of husbandry had been left uncared for.

There were no marks of separate ownership, no fence to keep us from the cherry-bowers or the corn-land plots; the light green oats waved here; beside them shone the yellowing barley; there, clover was sweet for the lark that hung above it; here a patch of flax or purple vetch was in flower for the bird that hides its nest in its close undergrowth. All was peace, prosperity and friendship. Children with hands full of wild chicory or blue corn-flowers and scarlet poppies passed us, tending their goats and keeping them to the open road. Ever at our right-hand side rose up the great Jura wall of beech and fir to heaven; ever on our left the coiling Aare glittered towards Solothurn. Truly, if ever there was to be seen a "well-watered garden of the Lord," it is here, in this canton of that old river-town the Romans knew so well.

We dived into a forest of pines that here and there let the sunlight splinter through with dazzling surprise, and gaining more cornfields and potato-patches, made our way to the little village of Lommiswyl, with its white chapel and square belfry pinnacle standing unfenced among its pleasant fields—Lommiswyl, with its bees and

roses, its well-kept "open stores," its huge stabled farmhouses, and its entirely comfortable look of happy industry.

Then, where the village roadside cross stands between its poplars, and the finger-post points to "Hasenmatt" towering overhead, we turned in the exactly opposite direction to our left hand, and so made our way across the sunny rolling plain to Selzach. In twenty minutes we saw below us in a bowery hollow the white tower of the church, and a glimpse of the new wooden building that was the theatre, —a theatre that had been raised during the year at the cost of two thousand pounds by a public-spirited company in the village, under the direction of the mayor, who seems to be a very father of his people.

The scene of the village nestling in the bosom of the hill, the farms hidden in ample walnuts, the pastured slopes and grassy swells filled with sun and shadow, the Aare rolling beyond it from the blue distance, the great Alpine chain of snowy cloud laid all along upon its lilac wall of lucent mist, was beautiful beyond words. A church bell tolled from the hollow, and a band of music was heard in the village. We sat down on a bank of flowers and talked of the history of the Selzach Passion Play.

"It was," said my companion, "in 1890 that the mayor of the village, who, as the owner of the large watchmaking factory, is the principal employer of labor hereabout, happened to visit Oberammergau. He, with a few Selzach companions, was so impressed, that he determined if possible to create on a simple scale some representation of the kind here in his own home. He knew his people well, and believed they would enter into it in the earnest spirit which alone could either justify or give success to the attempt. There was a natural love of music in the village—perhaps the making of watches may induce a feeling for time, as it certainly encourages a feeling for exactness; and he knew also that there was a native ability to act. The village dramatic

society had proved that. But there was no one to take direction or to train a choir, and though a professional musician was despatched to Oberammergau, he came back without having been enabled to obtain the necessary help in this direction. It chanced that just at this crisis a new teacher for one of the classes in the village school—the great white building with green shutters, by the side of the church yonder—was needed. The choice of the direction fell upon Mr. Vögeli-Nunlist, who is the musical manager of the whole of today's performance, and whose wife will undertake the task of Prologue to the Passion Play. With more than ordinary musical ability, this new teacher threw himself into the scheme heart and soul, and at once set about the training of a choir and orchestra capable one day of undertaking the task. They are not a large community to furnish orchestra, choir, and players to the number of two hundred as you will see to-day. I think the village—man, woman and child—only numbers fifteen hundred inhabitants; but the village is united, there are no cliques or sets, and perhaps the very trade that occupies their hands—the trade of watchmaking—has sharpened their wits.

"After little more than a year's training the Selzach choir performed Witt's "Jubilee Mass" and Romberg's "Lay of the Bell," supplying both orchestra and voice for the rendering of these. They next undertook to present at Christmas of the following year, 1892, Heming's "Christmas Oratorio," with readings and tableaux vivants interspersed in the musical part of it.

"The same year, 1892, one of the cathedral clergy at Fulda, Heinrich Fidelis Muller by name, published his "Passion Oratorio." The Selzach players determined to present it, and having obtained leave to make such alterations as were necessary to allow of their undertaking it, they provided themselves with suitable prologues and declamatory text, and following closely the line of the Passion Play performance at Hörtitz in Bohemia, they were

enabled to present the play in the summer of 1893 with such care and reverence, such real religious feeling and devotional earnestness, as to disarm whatever hostile criticism existed, and to astonish all who came to see.

"They played it in the little village playhouse attached to the La Croix Hotel, and though the room seated five hundred, it was found to be quite inadequate.

"In 1894 a company was formed in the village to build a separate theatre to be kept for the "Passion-Spiel." That great white-shining wooden building we saw this morning from Weissenstein is the result. Ugly enough and bare enough; but, admirably constructed for its purpose of sweet pine wood, it has been arranged absolutely with a view to use, not ornament. It has been built after the model of the Baireuth theatre, so that the chorus and the orchestra are quite unseen, being below the floor of the building. The floor is sloped from front to back, so that all have equal chance of seeing the stage. It will seat twelve hundred people, is fitted with electric light and all the improvements of modern scenic appliance, and is admirably ventilated. You will admit," continued my friend, "that the village is in earnest, if it will spend two thousand pounds of hard earnings on its theatre.

"Meanwhile, not content with the representation of the Suffering, Death, Resurrection and Ascension of our blessed Lord, as shown in 1893, the village Passion players have determined to add eleven tableaux vivants, representing typical scenes illustrative of Old Testament history, and twelve other New Testament scenes, from the Annunciation to Christ's triumphal entry into Jerusalem. They have obtained the aid of one of the first scene-painters in Switzerland, and have made most careful studies of the work of the old masters in the grouping and color and costume of the tableaux, and seem to have spared neither time nor expense in their production.

"But," I broke in, "they must have had some very able directing hand?"

"Yes; Herr Schäfli, the mayor, is an enthusiast, and his enthusiasm has struck right through the village. You would be surprised how the players themselves have consulted books, have visited galleries to see old pictures. We have, for example, a famous picture of the Madonna by Hans Holbein at Soleure. You will see to-day to what advantage that picture has been studied; and if you know the aspect of our Jura hills at sunset or sunrise, the deep purple of our valley folds, the bright dazzling splendor of our mountain limestone cliffs, or how the river Aare yonder winds through its fields of flowers in this midsummer month, you will note, as the play proceeds to-day, that the scene-painter, Mr. Libiszen-sky, has done what he can to localize the scene and give an air of familiar home surroundings to the tableaux."

"But of the actors," I said, "who are they, and what are they?"

"They are all from the village. It is their pride that they shall always be so. For example, the Christus is the watchmaker Robert Kocher. The St. John is his brother Joseph. St. Peter's part is played by another Kocher, a cousin; he enacts also the part of Moses in the Old Testament scenes. The Virgin Mary is a certain Marie Kocher, another cousin. The Prologue's part in the morning performance is undertaken by a young farmer in the village. Adolf Amlet, and Madame Vögeli-Nunlist will, as I said before, again undertake the speaking of the prologues for the Passion Play in the afternoon.

"I am telling tales out of school, for it is the desire of the players themselves that their names shall not appear on any programme, and if you purchase their photographs you will find that their names are not affixed."

"And what has been the effect upon village morals of this Passion Play?"

"The standard of morality," said my friend, "has ever been a high one in this Jura plain. The village of Selzach is no exception. But it is quite certain that earnestness has been added to the lives of the players, and the actual effort of working together for

so long at a common piece of work has harmonized the village life. You know how watchmaking is done in bits; a man works always at this or that lever or escapement or toothed wheel—he never has the joy of completing the watch from first to last. Now in this play-acting he is a working part of a whole, and feels the joy of completeness of labor. This in itself is a real recreation. You would be astonished at the amount of work in common which has been bestowed upon this representation to-day. All through the winter months the chorus and orchestra and players practised or rehearsed five times a week, coming together at eight o'clock each evening, and often working on till one o'clock in the morning. This, for men who had to go to the factory or begin their day's work at early hours in the morning, is proof positive that their hearts were in it. But do you hear that fanfare of trumpets? That tells us that we must take our seats within a quarter of an hour."

I listened and heard a few bars of what sounded like the air that is the motive in Wagner's "Parsifal," and down into the village we went. It was "orchard, orchard all the way," with walnut-tree shadows upon the white road to give us cool, and a brook to make music at our side. The great, brown-backed Jura barn, or barn and farmhouse combined, was the feature. Each house seemed to have abundance of roominess all about it for the life of its inhabitants. Flowers shone in the balconies, vines grew on the trellises; cocks crew from their well-kept dung-hills; doves cooed from the shadowy eaves; and old people sat in their shirt-sleeves and enjoyed the Sabbath sunshine. We passed the bald grey church, with nothing noteworthy about it but the magnificent bronze St. Peter's cock upon its weather-vane, and the scarlet lilies that blossomed at its feet on the graves below. We passed the still balder village school. Banners with a white cross upon them floated at the village corners. All was Sabbath quietude. Except that from house after house came singers with

the music-folio under their arms, all tending towards the new theatre, you could not have suspected that anything out of the way was going to happen in Selzach to-day. Then the road seemed to be blocked with black-coats. Opposite the La Croix Hotel on the left six soldierly-looking men in volunteer costume stepped out of a tiny guard-house, and at the word of command halted and again gave us a fanfare. We took our tickets and our book of the words, and entered the cool, darkened building on our right hand.

Once more the trumpets sounded, this time from inside the theatre; and ere from its apparently subterranean source the sweet notes died away, the doors were all closed, and out of the wings in front of the drop-scene—which had upon it a somewhat realistic picture of Moses breaking the Tables of the Law in his anger, surrounded by the emblems of the four apostles—walked the Prologue.

He was a tall, well-built youth, with dark eyes, and face bronzed by the sun. He was clad in a flowing robe of white reaching to his feet, and with mantle of rosy pink thrown carelessly over his shoulder. He wore a very simple circlet of gold upon his head, and seemed the embodiment of strength and stateliness. He had not spoken more than a few sentences when one perceived that his voice was sympathetic and clear, his enunciation good, and his manner natural and restrained. This was the young farmer Adolf Amiet. He ceased, and to the sound of the recitative the curtain drew up and discovered the abode of Chaos and Old Night. Slowly a face in heaven as of a great angel dawned upon the darkness; vapors floated away; clouds, rifted and rent in twain, let rose and golden light through, and to the clash of cymbals and shout of the chorus at the words, "And God said, Let there be light," the darkness disappeared, and a sunny forest primeval stood revealed. It was effective but unreal, too pantomimic rather. The hand that managed the sun behind the scene was a little too clearly seen.

With this and with the next—the pictures of Adam and Eve in Paradise, and afterwards as driven thence by the angel—we confess to disappointment. Adam's jersey was not a skin-fit. Eve was neither young nor fair to see. One does not mean anything personal, but a fair-haired Eve would, in this land of the light-haired people of Selzach, have been preferable; and when the doom fell and our first parents took to skin waist-cloths, it would have been, from an artistic point of view, better every way to have had these said skins made of light brown rather than of jet black. The contrast between white tights and black girdling skins was painful. Yet one was bound to admit that the lifting up of the hands of Adam and Eve in terror at the angel with the torch of flame was very carefully studied, and real.

The Prologue prefaced each picture by simple explanation, with just enough emphasis and gesture to declare his interest, but with no overacting which would have given him personal prominence. He was a voice, and that was all; his part was admirably conceived.

The third tableau was terrible in its truth. Abel lay dead beside the altar of offering, and Cain, too horrified at his own act to feel either grief or remorse, stood in the red light of the anger of God, while the chorus pronounced his doom of hard labor and sorrow without an end. The fifth picture represented Abraham's Temptation. One saw no ram in the thicket, but an angel from the rock put forth his hand to stay the knife; and one's eyes rested on the exceedingly well-posed youthful Isaac who had been led as a lamb to the slaughter.

Jacob's dream followed, scenic enough in effect, but overloaded with angels ascending and descending upon the sleeping man,—a needless confusion, and quite out of keeping with the Biblical account, which certainly speaks of a vision so clear, so simple, so direct, that the waking dreamer felt that God had been in that place and he knew it not.

Then followed the excellent tableaux of "Joseph sold by his Brethren" and "Joseph in Egypt."

It is true that in the former of these two pictures one felt one's eyes irresistibly divided in attention between two groups. A little rearrangement would obviate that. It is true also that there was an absence of "old Egypt" in style of dress, in architecture, and in scenic background. In the latter of the pictures Joseph would certainly have worn the head-shawl, and have ridden in an Egyptian and not a Roman chariot. The colors of old Egyptian garments and decoration are well known to us, and these were wanting. Not even a palm, or a pyramid, or a sphinx, or a glimpse of Nile, or a gleam of desert could be seen; but as a grouping of an enthusiastic crowd lifting up hands of acclamation to their saviour, and governor over all the land, it was a great success; and when the chorus shouted their "Io Triumphe! Heil dir Josef!" you might almost imagine the chariot-horses pranced and reared at the sound.

In the ninth tableau, again, one was not in Egypt, but in the flowery meadows beside the Aare, as one gazed upon the three fair girls, the attendants of Pharaoh's daughter, who, kneeling in the tall grasses beside the stream, were wondering at the sight of little Moses floating in his wicker ark towards them, clapping his hands in childish glee; but the bulrush was conspicuous only by its absence, the lilies of the Nile were not seen. Nor, again, could the painter who arranged the dresses of the children have known the carvings on the temple walls which show how Egyptian maidens were dressed, or he would have surely clad those girls in other colors and in other wise.

The tenth tableau—"The Giving of the Manna"—one of the most successful of the Old Testament pictures, was heralded by the fine rendering of an air, "The Lord is my Shepherd," by a good baritone, with full chorus; and, finely grouped, the whole scene was admirably conceived in color and arrangement. As the manna fell among

the astonished Israelites, still in prayer upon their knees, the curtain dropped. Then, to the sound of glad trumpets, from either side of the wings a chorus of ten women and ten men, with golden crowns on their heads, in long garments, white to the throat, with scarlet drapery very simply but gracefully thrown over one shoulder and caught at the waist on the opposite side, came, with perfect ease of movement and with much stateliness of carriage, on to the platform in front of the curtain, and called upon the crowd of manna-fed people to lift their voices "with cherubim and seraphim," and praise the Lord God of Sabaoth for this his gift of bread.

I had never seen anywhere except in Egypt such throats or such carriage of the head as we saw in these young Selzach singing maidens, nor better opening of the mouths since I gazed upon the frieze of Donatello in the Bargello. Not the least interesting part of this chorus was the grouping of the male singers, their bronze, weather-beaten, and sun-tanned faces in the background contrasting splendidly with the fairer faces of the women. The choral chant ended, and dividing left and right, the singers, with the same ease and solemn stateliness, disappeared.

The last tableau—"Moses giving the Law from Mount Sinai"—was again a well-conceived bit of grouping; but except for a striking picture of Moses, whom we recognized as the Petrus of the Passion Play, and for a real bit of Eastern glow and color upon the limestone bluff, which seemed to make Sinai Jura and Jura Sinai, it was not particularly remarkable.

The New Testament tableaux vivants opened with a real bit of fourteenth-century picturing in a conventional and chaste rendering of the Annunciation. The simplicity here, and the determination to stick to the classic portraiture throughout, was very marked. The sweet child-angel with its forward movement and the lily in its hand, and the exquisitely tender submission of the "handmaiden of the Lord," went home to all hearts that care for purity

and grace. The face of the Madonna was, in its native modesty and pathetic sweetness, alone sufficient to make one sure that where she was there also must be tenderness and gentle goodness.

A tenor voice sang the "Ave Maria gratia plena Dominus Tecum," and the full chorus carried on the strain, "Blessed art thou, Mary, amongst women; the Lord is with thee."

The next two tableaux—"The Angel appearing to the Shepherds at Bethlehem" and "The appearance of the Star"—were disappointing. The shepherds on the left foreground were not Eastern shepherds at all, nor were they watching their flocks in any serious earnestness. It seemed as if a batch of children and cardboard sheep were in motley groups in the right-hand foreground. The angel was fair to look upon, and there was a lifelike touch in the fact of the children being the first to see him; but, for the rest, it was a disappointment.

As for the second of the two tableaux, it seemed a little meaningless. It is true that in the twilight a group of people were gazing steadfastly up towards the horizon; but either owing to the fact that the star did not make its appearance, or that suddenly, in order to make a contrast and deepen the twilight of the scene, the electric light in the body of the hall was turned on, and so confused the spectatorial effect, the tableaux failed of its intent. This was atoned for in part by the beauty of the chorale which accompanied the picture.

The next three tableaux were very successful. The beauty and simplicity of the representation of the Birth of Christ could not be exceeded. One perhaps missed the conventional manger and ox and ass, but there was the lowly cattle-shed there, the gentlest of mothers and the tenderest of babes; and by the side, with face full of earnest wonder, stood Joseph leaning upon his staff. It was quite evident that of this picture some old fourteenth-century painter had been in reality the designer.

The voices of the chorus as they sang,

in their rich German, the song of welcome to the new-born King, with its refrain, "Dir O himmlisch Kindelein," seemed sweeter than before. It was succeeded by a fine chorale, as, without leaving the stage, the singers dividing right and left, became part, for a moment of the group about the Three Kings, who on bended knee offered their gifts of homage.

Mary was in this tableau seen in a little arbor of the quaint fourteenth-century conventional type. Old Gaspar with hoary locks stood in an attitude of devoutest reverence; Melchior and Balthazar knelt; while the Child Jesus stretched his tiny hands to take the offerings.

There was but one little fault with the next tableau—the white skirts of the Virgin covered the head of the ass upon which she rode; but it was clear that they fled by night, and Joseph anxiously strode, with the step and forward mien of one who made haste to escape for the young Child's life.

The two tableaux that had been advertised as to appear next were omitted; then followed one which might well have also been left out. It was the representation of the baptism in Jordan. Jesus, clothed in white tunic, stood in the river up to his knees, motionless, and St. John seemed to tower above him from the rock near by. It was not a great conception, and appeared poor by contrast with the others, yet its very poverty seemed to act as foil or contrast with the succeeding picture of the Sermon on the Mount. Here both grouping and color were excellently managed. Little children, men and women young and old, stood or knelt or sat upon the ground in attitudes of intensest interest—nothing was forced, all was natural; and while Christ lifted up his hands as if pointing the way to heaven, one almost heard the words, "Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God."

In place of the tableaux that had been announced of the Transfiguration, there was here presented another excellent picture of "Christ blessing the little Children," or as the German pro-

gramme put it, "Jesus the Friend of the Children." Beautiful and almost pathetic it was, and many eyes for a moment filled with tears as the curtain fell upon this scene.

The last representation was an ambitious one, as ambitious as the Triumphal Entry of Joseph into Egypt. Christ in a grey robe with a red overgarment rode on to Jerusalem, palms were waved before him, and as the chorus shouted their "Hell Dir, Hell Dir, O David's Sohn!" with its good marching refrain, one seemed in fancy to see the whole crowd upon the stage move with Christ towards the city of David, and felt oneself, almost compelled to shout "Hosanna in the highest!" Yet one must confess to a kind of disappointment in the movelessness of the face of the Redeemer as he rode toward the city that knew him not.

The curtain fell, the chorus ceased, the doors of the theatre opened, and in a few moments the spectators were outside in the full sunshine, with such a feeling of sadness in their hearts as made them hardly realize the beauty of the glad July day. Soon the two-franc folk gathered beneath the walnuts and called for their simple refreshment, and the six-franc folk sat down in the old theatre and took their lunch; while the chorus and the players went to their homes for the hour and a half's rest they had so well earned.

Punctually at 2.30 the theatre doors were again closed, and the Passion Play proper went forward.

The Prologue was spoken through-out by Madame Vögel-Nunlist. There was great feeling and reverence about her declamation. Sometimes her personality was a little too much to the front, but one was grateful to her for the clearness and earnestness with which she spoke, and only regretted she so seldom came from the wings far enough into the middle of the stage.

The opening scene was laid at the palace of the high priest. He sat on a raised gallery, with an assessor on each side, and took counsel of twelve

others of the Sanhedrim who sat in the court just below.

The bearing and the acting of this man in his glorious high-priestly robe was throughout most remarkable. The assessor or counsellor who sat on his right hand, clad in green and red, was not a whit behind him. The Rabbis, with their impassioned eloquence, alike with the ruffians who entered with the ordinary Bedouin headdress (*kephiyeh* and *argal*) upon their heads, and who undertook to bring false witness or to secure the capture of Christ, gave a startling reality to a scene which from first to last was full of movement. One could hardly believe that these stately men of the Sanhedrim, with their courtesy to their high priest, their vehement earnestness against the Christ, were yesterday making watches in the factory hard by. You might have supposed them away in Palestine, nurtured in all the aristocratic traditions of the cultivated rabbi.

The curtain fell, and we were by the next tableau carried away from the storm of the Jewish Sanhedrim, away to the quiet countryside, and the parting of Christ from all he loved and all who loved him at Bethany. There was such sadness over all, and yet such full and silent acceptance of the truth, that so it must be, upon the faces of those who bade farewell, that one almost entered into the cloud as one gazed.

Between this and the following picture the chorus sang a chorale from "St. Paul" with great effect; and when the curtain rose, it rose upon a really remarkable presentation of the Last Supper.

Not a single face but was a study, not a hand or arm uplifted but seemed to say, "Is it I?" And here for the first time the face of the Christ seemed to be full of deep meaning and to speak unutterable things. Judas, clad in black, was not the least well-featured; St. John in green, and St. Peter in grey brown, struck one as remarkable.

Jesus was next seen in the garden of Gethsemane. The players had evidently studied the old pictures, and while in every attitude of helpless

drowse the disciples lay below him on the rocky ground, an angel, on the top of the rock to which Christ lifted his face, was seen holding a silver cup, the cup of agony and glory Christ must drain, which shone brightly through the dusk before his eyes. Then the curtain rose, after two sad solos and choruses had been sung, upon "The Betrayal." Christ in his grey garment and red cloak was confronted by the black-cloaked traitor Judas; and never, since I gazed upon the face that Glotto drew in the chapel at Padua, have I seen such dignity of reproach as was seen upon the face of the Christ as Judas kissed him.

In the following picture—"The Capture of Jesus"—one was somewhat confused by the crowd, but one was able to note how the least moved in all that motley throng was the brave and self-surrendering Saviour. One could also see how Peter, having struck the high priest's servant and cut off his ear, looked himself astonished at his own rashness and readiness for fight. This was the ending of the first part of the Passion Play.

The second part, beginning with the scene of "Christ before Caiaphas," and ending with the closing scene of "Christ before Pilate," comprised seven tableaux, of which the first three were perhaps the most remarkable of the whole representation. It should be understood that in this part of the Passion Play the actors acted and spoke, and that in the "Scourging" and "Crowning with Thorns" use of the tableaux vivants and chorus was made to link on scene to scene, or to express that which required more than words.

Here in the scene before Caiaphas nothing could exceed the swift denunciation of the Sanhedrim, nor the almost imperiousness of appeal from the stately priest to the seemingly insignificant prisoner in the right-hand foreground.

There seemed to be a blunder in the way in which the Christ, instead of looking towards Caiaphas, only looked at the audience. With this exception, the seventh scene was well conceived

and well carried out. The marvellous unanimity of the Sanhedrim, the one voice with which they spoke in their wrathful vehemence and terrible earnestness, was most striking.

The curtain fell to the sound of a double chorus, and rose upon the scene of Christ's first appearance before Pilate.

There was nothing of the ordinary stately sitting in his governor's seat. Pilate, summoned from his palace, does not invite their high priest or his company within, but stands on the steps of his pillared portico, clad in his golden cuirass and crowned with circlet of gold. He listens, but with evident disdain, to the high priest's answers, and coldly but astutely reasons, and almost rebukes. But there was, if one may say so, just a little too much self-consciousness about this haughty Roman governor. All other players were natural; he had studied his pose, perhaps had overstudied it, and was in consequence constrained.

The next two scenes were tableaux vivants horrible in their reality,—the "Scourging" and the "Crowning with Thorns." In the latter, two brutal soldiers, not content with the pain of the thorn-crown for him they mocked, pressed the spikes into their prisoner's flesh with the midribs of the great palm-fronds they carried in their hands.

The next picture showed a stormy scene in front of Pilate's house. Brought thither for the third time, Christ stood between the soldiers, answering nothing, while the high priest and the people raved, and the Bedouins, who had been hired as spies, came and gave false witness. The curtain fell, and rose upon the last scene before the Roman governor. Christ this time stood by Barabbas, who in brown convict dress was chained between two soldiers; and again he seemed the one person in the crowd who cared not for what man should say of him or could do unto him.

"Fetch me water!" said Pilate, out of all patience; and there, in front of the furious mob, he washed his hands of the iniquity, while the people cried,

"His blood be on us and on our children." A fine chorus brought the sorrowful scene to an end.

The third part opened with a tableau vivant of "Christ on his way to Golgotha." The picture had been carefully studied, and reproduced one of Albert Dürer's representations of Christ fallen beneath the weight of the cross. The soldiers steadied the transom beam, and waited till the fainting Christ should rise and resume the burden.

Then in the following tableau of "Christ meeting his sorrowful Mother," while one could not help being struck with the agony of the women, and especially with the beautiful face of the young girl who represented Mary Magdalene, one also noted with surprise the way in which the principal figures—the mother and the beloved disciple—had been put somewhat into the background. The uplifted hands of the Christ hid St. John's sad face entirely from view; whilst on the other hand the place of honor had been given to Saint Veronica, who, holding the handkerchief before the face of Christ, was evidently the centre of the picture. This, of course, may have been done for some local purpose of local tradition, but it marred the general effect of the tableau.

In the following tableau, which was prefaced by a duet and chorus of women voices, and to which the Prologue, dressed now in black, lent pathos by her kneeling in agony on the stage as the curtain rose, one saw the pitiful "nailing of Jesus to the Cross."

One felt that it would have been better had the figure of Christ been unclothed, with the simple waistcloth about the loins. Modern clothing was out of place, and detracted from the dignity and naturalness of the representation. A recitative followed. Then came, through the lips of the chorus, a plaintive cry from the cross, "My people, my people, how have you rewarded me! Have I ever deceived you? Have I not always loved you as mine own? Oh, speak, my people! What compels you to such hate that thus you leave

me to hang upon the cross?" And in the great silence the curtain rose upon a very powerfully conceived tableau. The passion-flowers that framed the picture were red with agony, the dark sky behind flamed with anger, and one felt the very heavens told the wrath of God against this awful tragedy; and there hung in the deep silence the crucified one. With excellent taste all crowding of the stage had been avoided; and with severest classicism only Mary, the mother of the Lord, stood supported by another Mary; the Magdalene knelt at the foot of the cross; and on the side opposite to the two Marys in their grief, stood John the well-beloved.

A simple, sweet strain sang of the mother of Christ as she stood weeping there in the shadow of death, and told how a sharp sword had pierced her heart.

Then the curtain rose upon another scene. Christ's head, which before had gazed upon his weeping mother, had sunk upon his breast, and as the curtain fell upon a picture terrible in its reality of death and doom, the chorus sang a song of hope, a song of gratitude, and joined the hosts of angels praising God and saying:—

Now let Thy sorrow find its sure reward;  
Thou bringest love to earth, my Saviour  
Lord!

The next picture represented the "Taking down from the cross." It was one of the most effective bits of color and grouping of the whole series. The body of the Lord had been quietly let down by means of the folds of fine linen that had been brought for his burial; and while this fell like a banner of purity over the transom of the cross, a figure from above had gently lowered the body into the hands of the friends who had begged the body from Pilate. The posing was really wonderful, and the careful study of the old masters was apparent.

The solemn effect of this tableau was enhanced by the appearance of the chorus upon the stage in black instead of red draperies. The Prologue also

appeared again in the same dark color of woe.

In plaintive tone the chorale told how the seraphim were touching men's hearts with their sad strain, and called upon man "to speed the story to stars and ocean flood," of how to-day in bitterness upon the cross had died God's Son, Jesus Christ the Lord.

The tableau that represented the burial of the body of the Lord seemed to depart entirely from any conventional representation of the sepulchre: it failed by the pressing up into one side of the scene of all the main actors in it.

At the end of the chorale that bade farewell to the body as it entered the white upstanding portal of the tomb, a duet spoke plaintively to all in the assembly to think on Christ as "the Forgiver of sins," and called on all "to wash and be cleansed of their sin," "only to trust, to hope, and to believe, and heaven would be their reward;" and as the singers ceased, the Prologue, in her dark draped robe, fell on her knees, and all the people were moved.

The glorious Resurrection of Christ also seemed to break with tradition. As the first words "Alleluiah!" sounded upon our ears, the curtain rose and discovered Jesus issuing from the white gate of his tomb with a bright light upon his robes and face—Jesus the Conqueror. But the soldiers did not fall and become as dead men: they had only, it would appear, stepped back, and were standing in stupefied motionlessness.

Then the last scene followed. The disciples were seen in a crowd with women and children upon a rocky mountain-side, and a red glory appeared in heaven. It played upon the body of our Lord till he seemed almost to melt into the rosy sky, and, as he stood with hands uplifted in attitude to bless, the clouds moved towards him, and by their downward movement seemed to give to him an upward one. The glory grew and grew, and, while we wondered, the shouts of an alleluiah chorus—"Honor, praise, glory

be unto Him forevermore!"—filled the place and the curtain for the last time fell. The Lord had ascended up into the heaven of heavens, whither our hearts seemed also to ascend; and the Passion Play was over.

We came out of the theatre and joined the people sitting at their tables of simple refreshment beneath the walnut-trees; but little or nothing was said. They took their long glasses of Swiss beer in silence. "Wunderschon!" ("Wonderful!") was heard from table to table, but there was no ordinary flow of conversation.

So we rose and passed from the village, up by the white school and the whiter church tower; up by the shady barns to the sunny orchard bowers; away from the village of born actors and singers; away to the quiet corn-fields, where that born singer the lark sang its own alleluia still. As we climbed to the heights of Weissenstein that evening, we turned many a time to think of the humble village we had left, and of its mission of religious reverence, and its simple recall to simple faith, for those whose good fortune or whose will should ever lead their steps to the Selzach Passion Play.

H. D. RAWNSLEY.

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From The Cornhill Magazine.  
THE VILLAGE OF OLD AGE.

Far away from the noise and fret of men's business I had lived, content to find new joys in the passing days, and to welcome, year by year, with unflinching serenity, the placid monotony of fair days and foul, the coming and the flying of the swallows, the springing and the falling of the leaf.

And it was with the sad farewells of the summer that my mother bade me good-bye. With her falling to sleep the world in some dim fashion was changed to me. Strange and sombre tints sobered the autumn; the birds piped a softer note of melancholy; the dawn came but to prophesy the twilight. In

the wish to rid myself in some degree of a growing distaste for my fellows, an ever-increasing moodiness of mien, I set out from my haven of rest into the busy tideways of the world. "Surely," thought I, "friends are many, and welcome will be freely given me. I will die laughing, and die then of over-ripeness." But soon I found that men forget and seldom wish to remember; that friends once so charming and so flattering see the world through keener eyes; that tongues once mellifluous taste the bitterness of life, and that ready hands have too great labor to wave greetings to one risen from the silence of the past. Vexed and disappointed, with sore heart and ill at ease, I bethought myself of Basil. Thank God, cross-roads sometimes have the same goal. I was full of hot enthusiasm to meet him face to face. What a medley of wit and philosophy his name recalled to me! One who would choose a path of thistles to flout the gardener of roses. A fellow at whom death winked, of eternal youth and heartiness. "I will go to him; he will understand," thought I.

Hopeful as a child I set out to find him. Nor was I greatly disturbed to find his place empty. I made my way to the village whither report was that my friend had fled, and come to a sleepy place of ancient cottages, of silent, deserted streets, and of calm weather. I asked lodging of the grey landlord of the inn. He considered me with filmy eyes. He was a man shrunken and weak-kneed, with open toothless jaws. The days of summer he spent sunning himself in his garden of vegetables, and trembling over the log fire in his brick-floored hall in days of wintry weather.

"Ay, if Janie be within," said he. "The streets be damp, and, mebbe, a mouldy stench, but God a' mercy, thou'll sleep no' the worse."

"What of the waking, my friend?" said I gaily.

"Ay, what of the waking," said he, "if the slumbering be quiet and easy? Who'll heed the fret of the day? The graveyard for a', the graveyard for a'."

I eyed him askance—this echo of a man—and rallied him with a loud laugh and in bluff manner.

"Nonsense," said I, "'tis a place in which to crow, is the graveyard. Pshaw! we are live men. We go one better than the mouldering bones with their scanty record, that is not a moment's thought. I sit on a tombstone and see a cheerier sun and a blither day for the stuffing of my seat."

"I would no' doubt thou'rt a stranger to these parts," said the old man with weary lids. "Ye canno' know the place."

He rose from his straw cushions and tottered on feeble knees into the shadow of the narrow courtyard of lichen-grown stones which led to the house. And at his going the place seemed wondrous cheerless and quiet. The sky was blue almost to purple, and not any cloud showed in the vast expanse. The trees were the green of spring in this month of July; but the hum of insects, the twittering of birds, were not on the air. An empty kennel, from which crawled a rusty chain, stood in the shadow of the high wall, and a crazy dovecot leaned against the red bricks, over which climbed a cherry-tree in rich profusion of leaves. The fragrance of the flowers, the rich scent of the earth, sluggishly intermingled in the faint wind. "Surely a sweet place of repose," thought I. "I will purchase pigeons and a crowing cock, and I will keep bees."

Footsteps sounded hollowly on the stones, and the old man, followed by a feeble crone, came out of the cool shadow into the sunlight. I was mistaken. A young girl followed the old man, but pale, and bent, and hollow-cheeked, with fettered limbs and scanty hair. A beldame of ninety was the old man's niece of sixteen.

"My uncle says, 'Get ready a bed,'" said she in a weak, monotonous voice.

"Yes," said I boisterously. "I would like to make a meal, too. Gracious me, lass, my hunger is a savage monster bellowing for meat."

The old man was gone back to his chair.

"There be cheese and ale," said she.

"And a pretty maid to smile over the froth," said I.

"A pretty maid," said she, as though

it were the refrain of some doleful ballad.

"Have you no meat—a fat leg of mutton or a red sirloin of beef, eh! with brown Yorkshire pudding?"

"There be bread and cheese," said she, with a quaver. Her head almost rested on her shoulder.

"Then Hunger shall wake Fancy," said I. "Fetch out for me some bread and cheese—I will eat it here, in this sunny place, with the landlord—and a good tankard of ale. That's it, my dear."

I bent and kissed her cheek, giving her arm a little pinch. I am past the fopperies of youth, and it grieved my heart to see the maid so feeble and woe-begone. She simply turned without quip or toss of head, and went back into the house, out of the sunlight over the cobblestones. An old crow came cawing high up in the sky. I watched him with eagerness until my eyes could see him no longer. Then I turned to the old man, thinking to take my seat at his side. But seeing no chair, I went after the maid. The air in the courtyard was cool, and pleasant, and cleanly, breathing the fresh scent of malt and a not unpleasing mustiness as of a wine cellar. Behind an open casement I caught sight of a maid washing dishes. I popped my head in at the window.

"Now, my pretty, would you give me a plump, easy chair?" said I. "I would keep your master company in the sunlight."

The pallor and the weariness of her face astonished me. I withdrew my head rather ungraciously, and hastily climbed the steep stone steps, and so into the house. Fearing to pry or to intrude myself upon the secrecy of the place—secrecy! however absurd such an attribute be for a tavern open to wayfarers—I took the first chair that I saw, a chair with stiff wooden arms. With some pother and groaning I carried it back to the old man by the way I had come. I sat down beside him, and lazily set to smoking. Surely the blue smoke of a reverend pipe was no desecration to the placid place. Yet the old man's slow turn of head and his unobtrusive sick glance of wonderment, and of

curiosity, and of entreaty even seemed a plaintive remonstrance; and almost unthinkingly I watched the smoke as it was banded to and fro and swallowed up by the thin air, and let my pipe grow cold as it hung between my lips. We sat silent in the mellow sunlight. The shadow of the inn crawled over the garden until it encroached even upon us sitting there; until the old man's hair was half-burnished silver and half-dull lead.

Eagerly had I come to the inn, full of enthusiasm at my search for my friend Basil being come to an end; now, notwithstanding, I lolled there in my chair without a word of inquiry, without the desire to speak or to know, in lethargy serene, and well content to sit with the old clown in the silence till night should come down and the twinkle of candles in the windows of the inn should call us to rest. Presently, however, came the maid, carrying a tray upon which was spread my meal. She brought to my knees a low three-legged table and set the tray thereon. The sight of the brown bread and the yellow cheese richly enlivened me, and when the maid, having gone again to the house, returned with a pint tankard of old ale I almost laughed aloud. I rose, and, with a pretty bow to the maid and a wink to the landlord, took a long pull at the stuff, gazing over the froth as I did so at the weather-cock upon the inn top, all of a glitter in the reddening sun. When I replaced the tankard upon the table the maid had already tottered a few steps towards the house. I called loudly. The sound of my voice seemed as sudden as a clap of thunder in the quiet place.

"No, no, my dear," said I. "you must give a tired traveller your pretty company and chat with him. There are some few questions I wish to put ye."

She turned about with her right hand upon her bosom and her red hair falling in wisps upon her wrinkled forehead. She came very slowly and stood a few paces distant. I slashed at the loaf with excessive zest.

"Poor soul!" whimpered the old man. "A right eno' lassie was Janie, ruddy as a winter apple; ay, full of trickins and

jollity. Dear God! and a wisp, dear God, the graveyard for a', the graveyard for a'."

"But, sir," said the maid, facing the sun, "here it do seem a wearisome long journey to the yard. Most of us be old folks e'en at fifteen, but in the yard not a one under ninety. I do miss me fayther's farmyard. I look for the jangle of bells and the baa of the sheep. And my fayther had a daw. Here the day is always noon, and the night la! a wearyin' hour for the spirits to walk."

"Tut, tut, you want a holiday," said I, chewing my bread and cheese, for I was very hungry. "The neighbors should wake a clamor in this mossy place, should rummage and drive away the silence. 'Pon my word, you shall take a walk with me this very sunset."

The old man smiled at his apple-trees, heavy with young fruit. "Thou be'st a stranger for sure—naybors!"

Then I remembered with new surprise how barren and deserted was the high-road, how empty were the fields, and how desolate the gardens.

"The lassie shall take a walk on my arm," said I, "and see that God made the world."

"I would no' think that God might be so cruel," said the maid.

I jumped in my chair. "Will you drink with me, sir?" said I with pomposity to the landlord, but I could not otherwise than stare at the red-haired, meagre girl in the sunlight.

"Nay," said the old man, "I'll not drink with thee. Jollity eno' for the morn, a gaudy dizened jollity, but for what is t' end of 't?—a rainbow in sleeping-time. And then the going down of the red sun. Sure we play w' our toys, and a lean wisdom clucks i' the throat and calls 'em bubbles. Mebbe God's i' the bubble. Who knows? He drives us all into the pen. The day be late. The dew falls very heavy at times."

I was sick of speech, and set to my victuals with poor simulation of relish. When I had finished my joyless meal, I spoke again. Try as I would, my voice was bereft of its ring; weariness was again stealing upon me. "I have come a long distance to find a friend.

Men have pointed me out this village, have told me that here I shall find him. Pray, sir, do you know my friend, Mr. Basil Gray?"

The old man never turned his palsied head. He peered at me vacantly out of the corners of his feeble eyes. "I know o' the name," said he.

"He lives in the Grey House," said the maid; "an old man wi' beautiful silver hair. I know him, sir, in the Grey House, where the owls hoot o' nights, and ivy bursts in at the windows."

"Silver hair!" said I, in dismay. "His hair is black, and his voice loud and full. Good people, you live in this remote nook out of the world, and you look at all things through an old man's spectacles. Silver hair! Now, my pretty maid, you shall show me the house. I am tired of being alone. Fancy this, I have not a friend alive but Mr. Gray. In the midst of a hale hearty life to be alone! Fancy it! Now, little maid, come away."

I thought the old man smiled faintly at something in my speech. I cannot say. I spoke very tenderly, for a sudden pity and a new sympathy had come into me for the frail child. Perhaps some day I shall need the like, thought I. So I put my arm round her waist, and we went together into the house. When we reached the steep steps I saw upon the topmost a little child. This pleased me greatly. "And whom does this mite, this flower-maiden belong to?" said I. "Now, little one come and play with me. Many years have gone by since I was a little child. Come along. Put on the bonnet, and we will gather pretty posies and weave daisy-chains. Dear me, it seems that my mother taught me but yesterday."

I talked like a pantaloon. The little child climbed up and stood in the doorway, its tiny thin finger in its mouth, and its round grey eyes looking into my eyes, and looking out at something far away, something which seemed to catch my breath, to lay an icy finger upon my heart.

"I am tho tired," lisped the little creature; "and mummy thayth the pothleth 'll die in my hot hands."

I said never a word, but still with my

arm round the maid's waist, for she seemed to have become an unwonted comfort to me, we passed into the house. The maid led me through the tiled passages upon which the red sun shone. The reflected ruddiness of the bricks prettily reddened her cheek. Together we went up the wide and twisted staircase and I to a little room, clean and white, which overlooked the old man sitting solitary in the garden. Far away in the soft blue haze were the ruinous tower of the church and the beckoning gravestones.

"A pretty white room, lassie," said I.

"Sure it be very quiet," said she, "and sometimes I think there be talkers in the air, and sometimes, as it were, birds at sundown. When I be lying wake I' the long nights, I do think the blackness will some day come down upon me, and cover me up out o' sight."

I sat on the little bed and looked up at the ceiling, and I saw Night frowning upon the child.

"But God is with you," said I, and when I had said it I looked for Him at my side and found Him gone. I turned to the maid, and knew the child's solitude, and heard the echoes of the talkers and the hovering winds. I pined to see her lips blossom into smiles. And, as in languid negligence she smoothed her hair before the open casement, I be-thought me of a precious jewel—one which I had set great store by—a gem of lustre and elegance, a delight for young eyes. I searched my wallet and found the gem. This I fastened at the throat of the maid. My heart grew sick at its lack of lustre. The smile of the maid was the smile of autumn in a garden of flowers.

"Oh!" cried I. "Jewels glitter brightest at dawn. Wait till the sun like a giant comes out of the east. Wait for the lark and the new flowers of dawn. Then we will be gay, you and I."

"After the night, sir," said the maid.

I looked out upon the dolorous garden, upon the lazy crone, upon the gilded fields.

"After the night," said I, taking the maid's hand in mine. She put on her white bonnet and we went out of the room. Opposite to us was a door ajar.

Of late inquisitiveness had grown upon me. I had much difficulty in refraining from pampering the habit. I pushed the door a little wider and peeped in. I looked into a darkened room; I saw in the gloaming a tumbled bed. A still sick man eyed me with glassy eyes. I felt that one more wrinkle was scrawled upon my face.

The sun was ripe for setting as the maid and I set out upon the white road between the hedges. The doors of the cottages were shut. The flowers in the gardens were in rank disorder and choked with rank weeds. Only one man we saw. He sat outside his cottage door with his grindstone in front of him—a very old shrunken man, busily grinding his scythe. But his fingers were so weak that the steel scarcely grated upon the stone, and made only a low humming sound, soft as the hum of bees in a distant hive.

"'Tis Simon, the mower," said the maid; "he be forever grinding his scythe, but, la, he's too weak to snap a twig," she smiled compassionately.

The grinder never turned his bent head nor stayed his profitless labor.

"All day long," said the maid, "all day long sings the drone of his scythe; and the childer used to sit quiet at the window watching w' their eyes of mice for the sparks to skip fro' the stone. Their yellow hair was just golden in the green. But the childer a' gone back fro' the window, and all the white summer day the buzz shakes l' the air. Ay, and l' winter. Oh, sir, the sun climbs up sick and sulky, and crawls lik' a fat snail l' the blue, and goes down by the Black Mill, and the darkness eats him up. I do feel that my heart is o' glass and be nigh to broken' when the chill night sneaks in at the keyhole. I do miss the cluck'n' hens in the sunny dust and the douce-smell'n hay."

I spied furtively at the glazed windows, but no children looked out upon us thence, and the forsaken nests of birds in the thatch were draggled and in wisps like a widow's weeds. Not long after the maid and I came to the village well. The hoary stones were green in patches. The brown shreds of a broken pitcher lay in the dust at our

feet. There I was fain to sit and muse, looking into the still black waters, which seemed to have in hiding the silence of the dead. But my friend called me, and we journeyed on together hand in hand. With each step upon our way I seemed to draw nearer to the thoughts of the antiquated maid at my side. Myself was not left behind, for the pleasure and lustiness of youth took a new color. Feeble knees and waning courage were carrying me out of the ken of the world. Yet my mind's calm was rather the calm of a child's awakening to the morn than the lazy ease of falling to sleep at the slow coming of night. We climbed a steep and rocky way, full of ruts and holes, and upon our eyes, when we turned an angle of the road and came out from under the gloomy cedars, suddenly shone the red windows of a house standing gaunt and solitary and watchful upon a crest of the hill.

"There be the Grey House," said the maid, kneeling down amidst the long green grass.

The evening was glorious.

Here was left behind the toil and fret of men's business. And while I was looking under my hand towards the brightness, a strange company of men defiled between the iron gates of the house, carrying a burden upon their shoulders. I sat down with the maid by the roadside, and waited until the procession should come up with us. When they were come near I shouted, "Is Mr. Basil Gray at home?"

The weedy men paused. They put down their burden in the dust. They shot furtive glances the one to the other.

"Ay, sir, 'at home' that he be," shrilly laughed a wizened little man who led the way with a lighted lantern and a mattock.

The maid turned to the west. I bent over the box, and read my friend's name upon the lid. Death took me by the hand. Presently the little band proceeded on their way. The maid and I followed afar off. When darkness was come I tottered to my musty snowy chamber in the little inn. The wan child led the way, carrying a candle. I sat at the open window. For a long

time I watched the sexton laboring by the stilly light of his lantern and the yellow crescent moon in the graveyard of the "Village of Old Age."

WALTER RAMAL.

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From Temple Bar.  
A DAY IN GOA.

If one talks of Bombay to people who have been there too, they invariably clasp their hands, raise their eyes to heaven in ecstasies, and exclaim, "The dear, dear place; the finest city of all India; so thoroughly English! and did you see their railway station, quite the grandest thing out?"

Yes, I did see "quite the grandest thing out," and came away from it out of countenance and in a pet.

A doctor ashore had told me it took but sixteen hours to reach Goa by rail, yet, when ready to start, with all my wraps around me, I found it took forty-eight hours each way. To one a little pressed for time, that seemed rather much of a good thing; so I bent my steps in the direction of Hadji Cassim's steamers.

Getting a native, who had half-a-dozen words of pigeon English on his tongue, to come to my aid, I understood that one of these steamers, the Rajahpuri, was to leave for Goa at noon next day, and to make the run, wind and weather permitting, in twenty-eight hours. After bargaining for passage, I hunted up the butler, and gave him a couple of rupees to spend on a chicken in the bazaar, with curry and cheese, and a pinch of coffee for *chota hazri*. Those little matters of necessity seen to, I took my tiffin very reasonably at the Apollo Bunder, and thereafter went a-shopping, and bought Surat ware, and Kashmir silver-work, and chutney. As for that chutney, it is as well, perhaps, that those who shall have its eating did not see, as I did, its making!

Next morning I took one of our boats and pulled in to the quay alongside which the Rajahpuri lay moored. Aboard her was a mighty throng, but

never a white among them; no, nor yet a soul that had a white man's speech. Our captain, who had come to see the start, stared to see me mix with such a gang, and set me down as mad. Had there been coin to be raked in by the job, well and good; but to thrust oneself on blacks, be shorn of meat and sleep, and run a certain risk of decomposure, and all for a fad! Faugh!

"I go on Haj, to the shrine of a great saint," said I, with humility befitting the occasion. But that only made matters sillier still, and we changed the subject of our talk.

In the course of the afternoon a sad mortification overtook me. The Moslem master of the Rajahpuri, and his "Malam Sahib," or mate, came up, with slate in hand and a book on navigation. On the page of the book held open for inspection lay a problem and six examples. To the five which stood first our master pointed in quick succession, and between each point tapped himself with the tip of his finger, smiled affably, and nodded. At the sixth he frowned, and sighed, and snook his head, Malam Sahib meanwhile politely pressing his slate and pencil on my attention. The problem was quite beyond my power of solution, and our conference broke up with mutual salaams and a dumb show of civil adieux.

My lamplight dinner was eaten at a bench on deck. Later on that which had been my board became my bed also, so that, in this case at least, he who pays for his board pays for his bed likewise.

Fathers and mothers led their offspring—lovely bronze angels—by the hand to see me eat, and between my several mouthfuls I smiled on the company, with motions of gentle salutation. Poor little toddling dears! they were as glad to see a Christian at his food as Christian infants are to see a beast of prey crunch his bone in the Zoo. And if the beast of prey crunches his bone in the same happy spirit of affording instruction and innocent delight as that in which I ate my curry before the multitude, he is a worthy and amiable beast of prey.

Between dawn and sunrise next day we cast anchor in a fairy cove, beneath a lordly fort of antiquity, bigger than our biggest castle. Now all crumbles fast to decay, with creepers rampant on the bastions, and giant figs crowning the ancient keep.

After touching at several other native settlements—last and prettiest of which was Angria—with precious islets set like emeralds on a sapphire sea, we skirted a coast of beetling crags and plains of palm, and came to Panjim, and anchored there. Panjim is, indeed, neither more nor less than Nova Goa, and the nearest place to where all the great churches lie. Thus, though our steamer was bound for Marmugão, a little farther on, I came out of her at Panjim, with my bag, and my pillow, and all that was mine. The *douaniers*, though twirling their moustachios with an air of high authority, were magnificently kind, laying hand on heart with bows of obeisance, and letting my bag pass in unsearched. Now that bag contained a bottle of improper spirits, which had kept me in a little slimmer of fidget all along.

Our Scotch steward, told to empty three parts out and then fill up with water, had emptied only about one part out, so that, for purpose of temperate draught, his mixture was useless. Nevertheless, the bottle itself had come in handy. For, as the saint of old made his pillow of stone, so made I the bygone night, my pillow of that whiskey bottle. Well corked, and wrapped in trousers, it had raised my head and given me rest.

The inn at Panjim is the most wretched place of entertainment on the face of this habitable globe: a cow-house and goat-shed below, a den of thieves and vermin above. So black was the look of all about that, tired as I was, I concluded at once there must be no sleep. All bolts and locks had been cut adrift from both pair of the folding-doors which gave access to my crib, while in the roof above was a trap door, with chinks of light, and "mean whites" affecting to snore. Oppressed by fear that I might, peradventure, be lulled to rest, and drop off unawares,

commiserating fleas and worse ran nobly to my succor, in generous emulation, and the night before approaching the shrine of St. Francis Xavier was one of as strict vigil as any poor penitent need wish to keep. The heat was stifling—not a breath of air, no punkah, and right pleasant the *Angelus* sounded in my ear, heralding the break of day.

My vigil done, I rose with the sun, slew beasts of darkness, now in hot retreat to crannies of the scantling, had *chota hazri*, and scrambling into a prehistoric vehicle, started for the famous chapel two leagues out. Old Goa, where this chapel with the cathedral and the convents and churches all are, was decimated by fever and cholera in (I think) 1695. After that visitation the survivors shifted their quarters, and built this city of Nova Goa, which its very self looks old to-day, and shows signs of collapse.

The six-mile drive out to old Goa is the prettiest far I have ever taken in the lowlands of India. Deep arms of bluest sea, church-crowned islets, frontage of palm and mango, plumes of waving cane, with many a wayside cross and station. These are the things which catch the eye, as you move along the way. And they are all backed by most noble views of the Great Western Ghât of Hindoostan.

Crossing a bridge of quaint device, the traveller comes on a causeway nine thousand feet long, bordering the sluggish Mandovi. A broad lagoon and paddy fields lie to his right, with water-buffaloes wallowing in the foetid mud. These things (with divers stench) safely passed, comes a gentle ascent into the village of Ribandar: a village of which a pretty account may be had in Dryden's life of our Saint. From Ribandar onward to Goa, the "Rome of the East," our traveller's way is cast in twilight groves, with glorious peeps to seaward. Very pleasant birds cheer him with song, as he wends his pious way. Hard by the woods which fringe that road, stands a pillar of stone, black with age. In cruel days of savagedom gone by, they amputated the hands of such as wrote false news,

and laid them on this pillar. Blest are the penny-a-liners of this nineteenth century, that the days of that bloody pillar are past.

I don't quite see my way to write lucidly of Goa, and be perspicuous; it is none so easy to describe a city which is houseless. I find a shrewd forecast of its present estate, in an old author: "Wild beasts of the desert shall lie there; and their houses shall be full of doleful creatures; and owls shall dwell there, and satyrs shall dance there. And the wild beasts of the islands shall cry in their desolate houses, and dragons in their pleasant palaces: and her time is near to come, and her days shall not be prolonged." A fair account of Goa, as far as it goes: I wish it had gone further, and saved me pains. But, take York; you, who know York. Thrust yourselves back into the sixteenth century. Conceive "bluff King Hal" (as you love to call that impious monster of lust) to have razed, not convents and abbeys, but the city wall, and every house of lay habitation. So best, perhaps, may you catch some faint glimpse of old Goa. For, of that ancient metropolis, there is nothing now left but its grand cathedral, with a remnant of churches, chapels, convents and monasteries. Of the two which stand last in my list, most are fast falling into roofless disrepair; and the remainder are all but untenanted. I went over one—a building grander than Magdalen or New—a magnificent solitude, with tapestries frayed and tattered, and the very saints looking sorrowful, and nodding to their fall. The sight of them filled me with profound pity. I suppose the Age of Faith really is gone forever. I suppose the goddess of reason (with her twin of trade) reigns supreme to-day.

At the great western gate of Bom Jesus, alighting from my bone-shaker, I stepped quickly into the dim religious light within doors. What I there saw it is not in me to say. I trusted all to photographs, and the photographs are not forthcoming. Besides, the man who goes on an errand of pilgrimage, is not so wide awake to outward

and visible signs as your curious globe-trotter or Cook-conducted tourist. Suffice it to say, the splendid propriety of all around was far in excess of what I had been led to look for. The priest, to whose guidance I committed myself, had neither French nor English. Hence, Latin (not quite sterling) was the currency of our exchange. He was a gracious father, and seeing me come so far, had the miraculous relic exposed for my veneration and homage. In their treasure-house (which is itself a church), they brought forth, from carved chests of camphor wood and coffers of dressed cedar, the priceless vessels and vestments with which the piety of Catholic kings and queens has enriched this famous shrine.

After that which had brought me there was accomplished, I came away out of this church and explored: going first to a convent, in front of which stands the finest frangipani tree I ever saw. The ground beneath was white as driven snow with fallen flowers, and the air, for roods, luscious. That vast conventual pile seemed full of echoes of the past and present emptiness. Cells had their doors broken off, or swinging loose and ant-eaten on a broken hinge. The chapel, though rich in altars and ancient treasures, was disheartening for want of care. The refectory had fallen tiles and rubbish crumbling on its inlaid floor. Just three spiritless black nuns giggled faintly through a grille at the simplicity of a white, who had come all that way to buy a rosary.

Near this convent is the palace of the Inquisition: once of surpassing splendor, now a tree-grown labyrinth of ruins. All about are other religious houses, now suppressed and dismantled. The good people of Bombay will tell you that, in the *autos-da-fé* of Goa, one hundred and twenty-one persons were burned alive between the years 1600 and 1773. As a matter of fact, out of those one hundred and twenty-one persons, sixty-four were burned *in effigy*; while, of the rest, most were mercifully strangled before coming to the fire. James the First, during his not long reign, burned more hapless wretches

for impossible witchcrafts and sorceries, than ever the Holy Office burned for apostasy. But then, our British Solomon was a popular Protestant, while the grand Inquisitors were unpopular papists. However, two blacks don't make a white: nor have I one single wish to whitewash the Spanish Inquisition. I merely wish to remark (in a spirit of utter meekness) that what is sauce for the goose is sauce for the gander also.

It was well to high noon ere I got back from my round of church-going. All the citizens of Nova Goa were asleep when I re-entered their silent city. Protected by daylight, I, too, fell on my bed, and slept. The previous night, when sitting in the garden of King Domingo, a youth of Quillimane had accosted me; and his acquaintance enhanced the great joy of this, my too brief, stay in Goa. He had been sent, by his father on the Zambesi, for a year's schooling to St. Joseph's College at Bangalore, and had got a smattering of English there. Not unnaturally, he was glad of a chance to air his accomplishment; and most naturally, I was glad of a body to speak my mother tongue with.

In the cool of this Friday evening, my gentle guide led me to the statue of that famous lord and conqueror, Don Alfonso Albuquerque, and to whatever else seemed best worth the showing.

He would gladly have been my cicerone throughout the day but had had his lessons to mind in the Lycée. He spoke highly and gratefully of his masters there; and, on my addressing him in my best Frenchified Latin (where English failed), informed me that, with every scholar both at the Lycée and in the church seminaries, Latin is compulsory; a piece of information which made the unscientific heart within me to leap for joy. He was a devout youth and a pure, this young man of Quillimane; receiving as truths (for he was of a generous mind and no coward) the sweet tales and legends he had learned at his mother's knee. Moreover, perhaps consequently, he was of singular refinement and a dainty intelligence; speaking lovingly of Camoens and his

"Lusiad," and extolling the fancy of his countrymen.

Strolling leisurely at eventide on the sea wall of Goa, and thus discoursing of poetry, pictures, and the blessed saints, the great Angelus bell, once the warning bell of their Pharos, boomed solemnly through the twilight. All who were sitting, rose; all who were walking, stood still: and, for the space of an Ave, perfect hush reigned around. Then we resumed our walk, saluting the first we met with a *Buona Notte* and raised cap. Such is invariably their civil mode and the strict etiquette of the hour.

Nova Goa might at all times stand for Irving's "Sleepy Hollow." It has neither gas nor ice, nor telegraph nor train; nor yet any disturbing element of trade whatsoever. During the monsoon no steamer comes nigh and it: the rage of waters sets full upon its bar, and dams communication back. The amusements of the place are few. A military band plays on Sundays and Thursdays, and the people dance excessively; but you will search in vain for café, theatre, or restaurant. Pilgrimages and splendid pomps of Catholic ritual make the sum total of Goa's mild dissipation. To-day, indeed, weddings and balls are superadded, with a great show of masks; for the carnival is close at hand, and Lent looms dark behind.

My Mozambique guide conveyed me to a balustrade giving on the lagoon; and there we sat, smoking cigarettes in the starlight, and watching the merry revels within doors. A ball at Goa lasts two nights: the first is for dancing, the last for supper. A dinner to beggars is its prelude; for fear the beggars should turn saucy, and throw stones. Food lubricates their insides, and mollifies their manners. Every lower window of Goa is, without exception, of laminated shells; an extraordinary fact, and one which it demands implicit faith in the narrator to credit. Each pane is about three inches square, set in stout framework of native wood, the windows themselves being bigger than ordinary house doors. All within, of course, is

twilight gloom; nor may any outsider guess what goes on there. But the windows of this house of revelry were out, for coolness sake; and also, perhaps, that the youth of Goa might delight itself in the nimble action of the dancers.

Shortly before midnight I left Panjim by the Shastri: going on board her in good time, to get things made straight on the upper deck for a much-needed sleep, when she should have cast off and stood out to sea. But those evil beasts, which had found me such good eating ashore, must surely have sent out cards to all the élite of their Goan friends for a final banquet in my honor. When nobody seemed looking, I stole aft, stripped all my things off, and turning them inside out, banged them frantically against the taffrail. Even so, however, some few of the diners-out clung manfully to those fluttering rags; and, with appetites whetted by danger, and spirits unimpaired by loss of friends, returned lustily to the feast, when I had returned to my clothes. Thanks to the polite attention of these unbidden guests I was kept awake till after six bells in the middle watch (3 A. M.); and a strong-minded steward shaking me up for coffee at sunrise, I can scarcely be accused of having overslept myself. Surely my visit to the shrine of St. Francis had not been without its manifest miracle of grace; for never once did I curse those accursed beasts, not even in my heart!

All next day we kept putting into lovely creeks and inlets, each with its enormous fort of crumbling ruin. Those famous forts and Genoese towers in the Dardanelles and Bosphorus are mere pigmies set side by side with these of the Malabar coast of India. At night the stars were unspeakably brilliant. From all the greater of such as rode low, came rays of steady light across the oily sea to kiss our vessel's side.

From 9 P.M. I slept till nearly 11 P.M., when the cries of a lusty child woke me up. This abominable black roared the night away with such unflagging zeal that all hope of further

sleep had to be given up, and I passed the time as best I could, pacing up and down, smoking, and watching the lighting. If I could once have come to close quarters with that young person, she should have had handsome reason for her squalls. As it was, she had none. It was neither pain nor grief which bade her moan, but simply that she was (like Kirke White) "all alone." Restless in a novel situation and vexed at the inattention of her slumbering family, this pernicious imp had evidently said, in its desperately wicked heart, "If I can't sleep myself, I'll take devilish good care nobody else shall." And nobly it kept its word; fulfilling a bad intention to the letter! I got pretty close up once, but bodies packed so tight that I could find no interstice of deck, defrauded me of my revenge, when all but within reach. Thus, though I saw the little fiend well enough—stark naked, but for a woman's poke bonnet on; and squirming like an eel above her prostrate kith and kin—I might by no means come at her, not even with the sharp ferule of my stick.

Making fast at the Carnac Bunder, just as the great glory of the day sprang from behind a lofty Ghât, I hailed a boat, and went aboard our own steamer. But for the fleas of Goa and the squalling brat of Shastri, I would have made a push for Baroda at once. As it was, want of sleep was turning to insomnia; and though I stayed quietly on board for two whole days, not one wink of sleep could I get by hook or by crook.

J. LAWSON.

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From Chambers' Journal.

DECLINE OF THE MALAGA RAISIN TRADE.

These are sad times for Malaga. Twenty years ago, five million boxes of dessert raisins were produced and shipped. Nowadays scarcely a tenth part of that quantity is grown, while the difficulty of sale is increasing yearly. The falling-off is due to two causes. First, the phylloxera, which wrought terrible havoc in the vineyards, and left the luxuriant hillsides

bare. Possibly the trade might have recovered from this blow with the replanting of the vines, had not the Malagueños themselves chosen a delightfully characteristic way of fatally injuring it. Finding they received larger orders than they could cope with, they ingenuously commenced shipping short weight, and exported eighteen pounds of raisins in boxes which, by rights, should contain twenty-two, and eighteen pounds of more or less rubbish at that. Naturally, this state of things could not last. Malaga fruit got a bad name in the world's markets, and similar raisins began to be grown elsewhere. Denia (near Valencia), which previously only produced the common pudding raisin, took to growing the dessert fruit. Australia also started, and finally California became the worst competitor of all. So that, by the time the Malagueños came to the conclusion—based on experience, not on innate morality—that honesty is the best policy, they found that it was too late. The second reason for the decrease is the competition caused by the canning of fresh fruit in Canada and the United States. Raisins used to be nearly the only dessert obtainable in England in the early months of the year; now there are so many kinds of preserved fruit that they are all but forgotten.

For all that, the Malaga district is busy enough in autumn. Without describing the production of raisins too minutely, we may say that when the grapes—white, not black, as many people imagine—are ripe at the end of August or the beginning of September, they are spread out in the sun on the drying grounds (*paseros*) attached to each farm. The great question then is for them to get sufficient sunshine; if, as occasionally happens at that time of year, the sky is overcast, they have to be dried by means of ovens, to their very great detriment. Once sufficiently cured, they are packed in boxes, the loose raisins by themselves, the others according to the beauty and size of the bunches and the fruit. The finest are arranged in artificial bunches with the most exquisite skill, and a clever laborer can only prepare one or two of

these boxes in a day. From the farms they are transported on donkeys to the town, and there stored in warehouses, whence they are sold to the merchants for shipment abroad. Perhaps the most curious fact connected with them is that, beyond the shippers, nobody appears to make a penny out of the fruit. The farmer grows his crop at a steady deficit, the warehouseman in town has generally advanced more money to the farmer than he ever gets back; while the dealer, be it in England, America, or on the Continent, simply buys raisins because his customers for more profitable articles expect him to keep them in stock against an occasional order.

As may be imagined, many farmers have already abandoned raisins in despair. A worthy Colonial, who came to Malaga with a view to learning something about their cultivation, and applying his knowledge in Australia, was thereby led to write a pamphlet, showing how fine an opening was offered to English farmers in Spain. Land and vines were to be had for a song. All they had to do was to go south, apply their knowledge and superior intelligence to raisin growing, and after a few years return to England with their fortunes made. The pamphlet was cordially received by Foreign Office officials as wise as its author, and was immediately published by government. Fortunately, it attracted but little attention. Still, the writer is acquainted with one young Englishman who eagerly embraced the scheme, only to discover, on his arrival in Malaga, what every one there already knew—namely, that Spanish farmers understood more about raisins than he, the Englishman, would learn in a lifetime, and secondly, that wheat-growing in England meant a gold-mine compared to fruit-farming in Spain. So, wisely desisting from his project, he took to growing vegetables for the English market instead, and was rewarded by dropping scarcely half the money he would have lost had he gone in for raisins. This, considering the present state of agriculture in Spain, may be called a highly creditable result.

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